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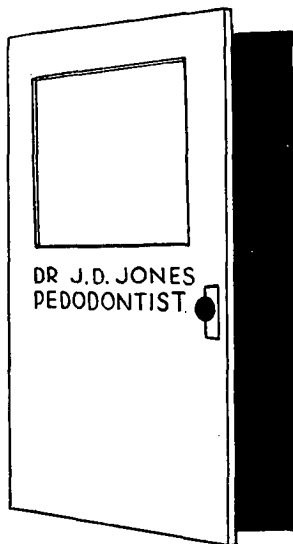


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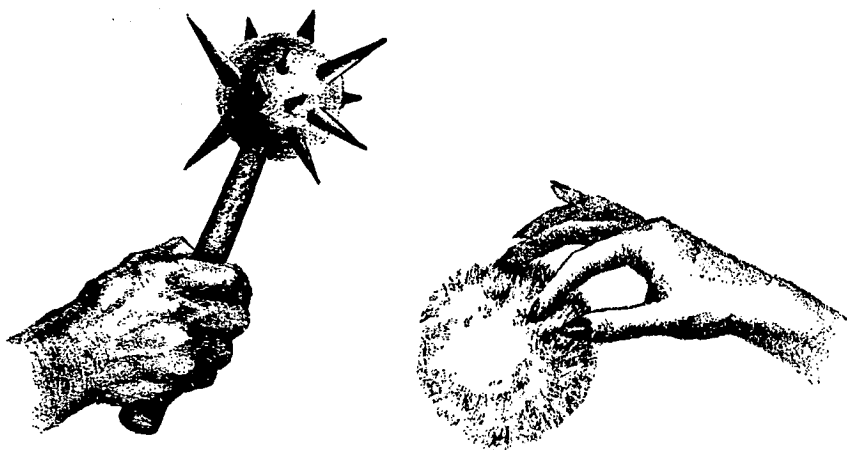
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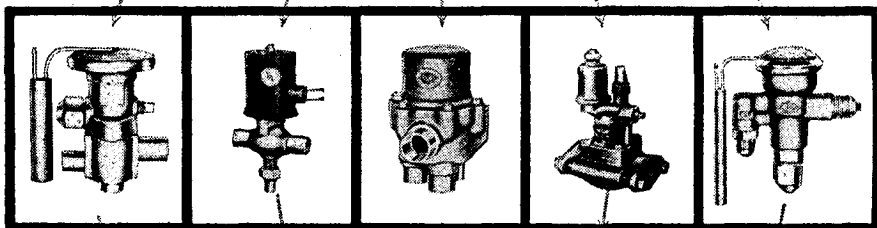
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WHEN RUSSIA STOLE THE SPANISH GOLD

by Leopold Braun

Spain's recent action in reopening the question of the Spanish gold reserve, which was allegedly removed to Russia during the civil war in the Thirties, centers world attention once more on this highly controversial incident.

Much of this story reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. The whole episode is wrapped in mystery. How did this gold get to Russia? Who ordered the transfer? How much of it was there and what other valuable items were contained in this shipment? How was *some* of this fabulous wealth used? Is there any Spanish gold left in Moscow? These are questions that this article will answer.

DURING the three years of the Kremlin's desperate grab at Spain, the author was in Moscow. Some of the information to be revealed here for the first time was gathered on the spot. The figures to be quoted were personally obtained from incontrovertible sources. Other information is derived from intimate and reliable individuals whose safety depends upon careful discretion. But the facts exist and deserve to be told with a certain amount of detail.

In the hands of the Franco Government, the only regime on earth which ever gave Communism a trouncing military defeat, there exists a precious receipt from the Soviet Government. It certifies that a specified amount of Spanish gold arrived in Russia *on deposit* and is duly signed by responsible Soviet authorities. This document was secretly guarded for 19 years by the man who originally obtained it from the Soviets, until the eve of his death in Paris in November of

1956. This man was no other than Dr. Juan Negrin, Minister of Finance at that time of the Red-dominated "Loyalist" Spanish Government. On his deathbed, Negrin surrendered this revealing document to his son, Col. Romulo, with instructions that the latter deliver it to Generalissimo Franco. The wide publication of the fulfillment of Negrin's deathbed wish once again alerted the world to the fate of the Spanish gold sent to Soviet Russia purely for the purpose of safekeeping.

Pravda, official organ of the Soviet Communist Party was disturbed to learn that the lawful Spanish Government was now in possession of Señor Negrin's receipt. The Kremlin reaction was expressed in immediate publication of a *Pravda* article which denied that the Soviets held any more Spanish gold and contended that actually, the former Spanish Government still owed the Kremlin \$50,000,000. It is only *now* that Franco holds the Soviet Government receipt, that the Soviets claim *all* the Spanish gold was spent. The truth about this Soviet allegation—calculated to release the Kremlin from the binding obligation of restitution—will be revealed as this story unfolds.

During the first few months of fighting in Spain, the rebellion against Red-inspired tyranny was waged by Spaniards only. It was purely a civil war though much of

the unrest was prompted by Moscow. The late Georgi Dimitrov, world-wide boss of the Third International (*Comintern*) meanwhile was busy indoctrinating and training groups of Red agitators who were shuttled between Madrid and Moscow on falsified passports.

On November 7, 1936, Soviet "Independence Day," some International Brigade units made their first appearance in the streets of Red-held Madrid. From that time on, the *Comintern* planted its teeth firmly in the flesh of the Spanish nation. Let us not forget that Franco's objective was to rid Spain of a corrupt government. No less a personality than the late Alcala Zamora, first President of the Spanish Republic, admitted that the so-called "Loyalists" had engendered two revolutions, plunging the country into demagoguery and national ruin.

WHEN the question is asked: Who was paying the volunteers of the International Brigades and who furnished the money for war supplies delivered to Spain, we are getting nearer to a solution. But the question is far too complex to be answered in a single sentence. To clarify the record, it must be known that the "Loyalists" bought armament and war supplies not only from Soviet Russia, but from the French Republic, as well as from the Third Reich.

From Russia and Germany the shipments were labelled falsely to other countries.

Partial payment of an enormous shipment of French arms was contracted for by coded telegram as early as July 24, 1936. Fifty percent of its costs was guaranteed by a deposit in French francs at the Bank of Paris and the Netherlands, with funds completely distinct and separate from the Spanish national gold deposit sent to Russia.

In one single week, five metric tons of gold, worth \$6,178,830 were sent to Paris by air at the time the Reds began to sign volunteers for the International Brigades. French Non-Commissioned Officers were promised the rank of captain and a bonus of 10,000 francs.

At a Prague meeting of the Moscow-controlled *Profintern* held July 26, 1936, the sum of 1,000 million francs was voted as a fund to be created for assistance to the "Loyalists." Nine-tenths of this was to be supplied by the Soviet trade-unions with the help of the State Bank (*Gosbank*) under the direction of Grigori F. Grinko, Commissar of Finance. He was the one who took charge of the conversion of money, gathered from the Soviet trade unions, from Soviet rubles into foreign currency. He also arranged for the conversion of world-wide Communist Party contributions for *M O P R*. These initials stand for "*Mezhdunarodnaya Organizatsia Po-*

moshtchi Bortsam Revolutsii." The proper English title of this hotbed of world unrest, hardly known outside Soviet Russia except among Communist Party leaders, is: *International Organization for Assistance to Revolutionary Movements.*

This financial help from the Soviet Union and the dedicated communist cells of the whole world, which amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars if not millions, began at least three months before the Spanish gold arrived in Russia. On top of all this, war supplies were sent to the "Loyalists" from France, Germany and Russia in disregard of the Pact of Non-Intervention signed at the time by these three countries. England also participated by supplying the "Loyalists" with vessels for contraband shipping.

DURING the fighting which was fast degenerating into open-faced Soviet aggression, the ups and downs of the military operations prompted Juan Negrin to have the gold and other monetary reserves of the *Banco d'Espana* in Madrid moved away, to prevent their falling into the hands of the insurgents. In June of 1936, Negrin transferred from Madrid to the *Banque de France* in Paris, 21,964,444 pounds sterling. This represented \$107,797,147.90—an enormous sum again separate and distinct from the gold shipment received for in Russia. Besides this,

on the record there are fifteen names of individuals identified with the "Loyalist" (Popular Front) Government of Spain in 1936-37, who suddenly opened personal and joint accounts in some twelve banks throughout Europe, England and the United States. The same "Loyalist" Government also sold a cargo of Spanish silver of 150,000 kilograms to a Belgian concern.

Soon after the Reds delivered Spanish silver valued at 245 million pesetas to the United States Government. This transaction could well be the one allegedly admitted by the former Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., in which some \$10,000,000.00 of U.S. public funds were expended to buy silver from the Spanish Reds, thus making the American people unwitting accomplices in the plundering of Spain's national wealth.

But this was only the beginning. The requisition of the gold reserve from the Head Office of the *Banco d'España* in Madrid was supervised by the Director General of the Treasury, Francisco Mendez Aspe. With Negrin's consent, Mendez Aspe directed the removal and transfer to France and other countries, of *part* of the *Banco d'España* gold reserve. On September 26, 1936, 250 cases were shipped to Marseilles on the SS *Tramontana* and from then on until September 10, 1937, several other

shipments by the same steamer went to Marseilles. All in all this was a total of 1,938 cases each containing 75 kilograms of gold.

On January 5, 1937, 60 other cases were flown to Toulouse. On January 21 and February 14, the "Loyalist" Ministry of Finance in Valencia received an additional 202 cases of gold. This amounted altogether to \$185,670,541.98—another considerable fund at the disposal of the "Loyalists," and entirely separate from the gold sent to Russia. From these revelations alone, it is quite evident that the "Loyalists" had ample funds abroad to pay for their purchases without touching the gold reserve deposited in Russia.

ON September 14, 1936, Negrin, acting as Minister of Finance, signed a top-secret document ordering the removal from the *Banco d'España* in Madrid, of all that was left of the immense gold reserve. For a time this important national patrimony was hidden in the underground powder magazines of *La Algameca* in the port of Cartagena on the Mediterranean Sea. The silver reserve, amounting to 344,275,000 pesetas, was likewise removed. This entire operation was carried out in the utmost secrecy.

Moreover, Spanish securities, along with foreign bonds and liquid currency were plundered by the Reds—the amount; 37,275,589.61 pesetas. These figures do not

include currency, jewelry, securities and other valuables plundered from private safe-deposit vaults in the amount of 150,000,000 gold pesetas. Moreover, the Reds are known to have stolen more than 240,000,000 pesetas from tortured and slaughtered individuals.

Not all this wealth found its way into Russia—such is not the claim of this article. However, what is not too widely known is the fact that Negrin later ordered the secret shipment of more than 7,800 cases of Spanish gold from the Cartagena hiding-place to the port of Odessa, on the Black Sea in Russia. Much of this was in coins, the remainder in brick form.

With each case containing 75 kilograms of gold (there being 2.2046 lbs. to the kilogram), the whole cargo was sent secretly to Russia *only for safekeeping*. Originally, there was no understanding between Negrin and Moses Rosenberg, USSR Ambassador to “Loyalist” Spain, that any part of this deposit would serve as payment to the Soviets for the matériel supplied to Negrin’s government.

THE FABULOUS shipment left the port of Cartagena on October 25, 1936 on four Soviet ships. The names of three of these steamers are known to have been: *Kine*, *Neva* and *Volgales*, all flying Panamanian flags. From Odessa the secret cargo was shipped to Moscow where it arrived on Novem-

ber 6, 1936, accompanied by four Spaniards of the *Banco d’España*. From the Soviet side inside Russia, the transaction was supervised by Grigori F. Grinko, Soviet Commissar of Finance aided by three officials of the Soviet State Bank, Margulief, Martinson and Kagan. At the same time an incalculable amount of jewelry, precious metals and works of art proving from “Loyalists” Government confiscations also found their way into Russia.

The value of the 585 metric tons of gold placed on deposit in Russia amounted to \$722,226,960 (not \$500,000,000.00 as reported in the New York *Times* dispatch from Moscow dated April 5, 1957).

While the Soviet receipt acknowledges 7,800 cases, it is known that 7,900 were actually delivered. This only means that 7½ more metric tons of this precious metal fell into Soviet hands—an additional sum of \$9,259,320.00 unaccounted for by the Kremlin.

Other shipments of Spanish gold went to Mexico on the yacht “Vita” while the rest was flown to France. Juan Negrin’s personal account in the Eurobank totalled 370,000,000 francs. Twelve other accomplices in this colossal “Loyalist” theft had private accounts totalling 3,000,000,000 francs.

Of the four Spaniards sent from Cartagena into Moscow, one by the name of José Gonzalez Alvarez died in Montevideo after

struggling to get out of Russia. His testimony, corroborated by a Red-Spanish ex-diplomat formerly stationed in Moscow, whose identity must not be revealed, states that he and the three others were suddenly summoned to leave Spain at once for an important secret mission. A military train took them from Madrid to Cartagena where they were put aboard the above-named ships. Not a single one of them had the slightest idea where this mysterious cargo was going until they reached Odessa, and from there, went on to Moscow. In the Soviet capital these men were securely guarded while they stayed in a hotel. The Soviet authorities insisted on their counting the gold, coin by coin and brick by brick.

Before dying, Señor Alvarez said he soon became convinced the Soviets insisted on their counting the gold in this manner simply to detain him and his three other companions. In view of the enormous volume of this shipment, the Soviets were able to delay their exit from Russia for six months—all spent just counting the treasure. They were obliged to count and recount, check and recheck until their figures were finally accepted.

At least one Soviet official who had much to do with this operation was later "liquidated" during one of the many purges conducted by Stalin, Khrushchev, Yagoda and Yezhov. These last two were

the immediate predecessors of the infamous Lavrenti P. Beria. This writer had the sad distinction of living under the surveillance of these three Secret Police chiefs for twelve consecutive years.

BY THE TIME the four *Banco d'España* officials were allowed to leave Russia with minimum funds for expenses, the Soviet thrust at Spain had failed miserably. It was, of course, impossible for these four men to return to Spain. The one who related their virtual captivity died in Uruguay. Two are known to be in Mexico and a fourth, presumably alive, is not revealing his whereabouts.

On March 29, 1937, the late Maxim Litvinoff, then Commissar for Foreign Affairs openly recognized for the USSR, the right to sell war matériel to the Spanish Reds. At the same time, Ivan Maisky, Soviet Ambassador in London, was loudly demanding the withdrawal of foreign volunteers fighting on the side of Franco for Spain's true independence. Franco's General Staff, confronted with foreign fighting forces, decided likewise to accept volunteers from abroad. Italian, German, Irish, Portuguese, Romanian and French soldiers figured in this number. But the Reds were the first to bring in their mercenaries. Red foreign volunteers amounted to 125,000 men of whom 90 percent belonged to the Communist Party

or were sent by its orders from several countries including the United States. Franco's army contained but 2 percent of foreign soldiers—less than 15,000 men. This statement is based on an examination of the "Loyalist" commissary files. To speak of a Nazi or Fascist aggression in Spain is sheer nonsense.

Rosenberg, the Soviet Ambassador, arrived in Madrid on August 27, 1936, and was a constant visitor at the "Loyalist" War Ministry. This was about two months before the ill-named "Abraham Lincoln" and other Brigades actually started fighting. To use an expression this writer himself heard in Madrid, the Brigades were "taking pot shots at our families, wives and sisters." Rosenberg's negotiations with the Spanish Reds concerning the sending of Soviet war supplies were so secret that the arrival of the first shipment caused quite a surprise.

By 1937, the Kremlin had 841 agents operating in key positions of Red-held Spain. Julian Zugazagoitia, ex-Red Minister, recognized that Moses Rosenberg, as the USSR Ambassador to "Loyalist" Spain, was the most important directing head of war operations. Another *Comintern* leader during the 1936-39 massacre was no other than Josip Broz Tito who concealed his identity under the assumed name of "engineer Tomanek."

ONCE the unprincipled *Politburo* of Moscow entered into physical possession of these 585 metric tons of Spanish gold, there was not a single Spaniard in Moscow who was in a position to demand a rendering of account from the Soviets. The only Red Spanish officials of any limited capacity in the Soviet capital were Dr. Manuel Pascua and Dr. Manuel Martinez Aguiar y Pedroso, "successively Ministers of the Madrid and Valencia Governments. The latter was personally known to the author. The Red Spanish Legation in Moscow also had three or four attachés, some of whom I met casually. All the personnel, beginning with the Ministers, were at the mercy of a hypocritical political host busy drawing blood and gold from the Spanish nation victimized by the *Comintern* vulture. The fifty and more Spaniards employed at the *Comintern* radio station knew nothing of the whole transaction. The many Spanish Red pilots convalescing in Soviet military hospitals—some of whom I ministered to—had not the faintest idea of the moral, economic and military rape their homeland was undergoing at the hands of Stalin, Dimitrov, Tito, Rosenberg and the others.

To understand a little more thoroughly how *some*—though most certainly not *all*—of this Spanish gold held in Russia was spent, one must also be aware of the fact that

the Soviets opened large credits in favor of the "Loyalists" at the *Banque Soviétique pour l'Europe du Nord*, located on the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris.

TO WHAT extent and on whose orders was this done remains to be clearly determined. The transaction appears to be an upshot of an interview held in Paris at the Soviet Embassy on the Rue Grenelle, between President Giral of the "Loyalists" and a Soviet official. On this occasion, Giral requested either a loan from the USSR, or at least an agreement whereby *some* of the war costs would be taken care of by *part* of the gold deposited in Moscow by Negrin. Giral expressed the desire during this interview, of having the *unused balance* of the gold returned to the Spanish Government but received nothing but vague promises.

On February 14, 1957, additional revelations were made concerning the secret gold shipment to Moscow, at the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee headed by Senator McClellan, with Judge Robert Morris as chief counsel. One Alexander Orlov, a defected Soviet Deputy Chief of the Economic Department of the OGPU, later NKVD, now MVD (Secret Police), testified under oath concerning the immediate directing role he played in the physical transfer of this gold from Spain to Russia. The testi-

mony from the transcript of this hearings states that Orlov, while in Spain, was given the assumed name of "Blackstone" with falsified papers passing him off as a representative of the Bank of America. The purpose was to elude capture in the eventuality that the Soviet ships should be intercepted or captured on their way to Odessa from Cartagena.

Orlov testified that he was assigned to Madrid in 1936 as a Soviet diplomat and adviser to the Republican ("Loyalist") Government, on matters pertaining to intelligence, counter-intelligence and guerrilla warfare. The ex-Secret Police officer added that Stalin personally entrusted him (Orlov) with the gold transfer. The testimony affirms that Yezhov (NKVD Chief) from Moscow sent Orlov a coded telegram wording a personal order from Stalin, dated October 20, 1936. Quoting from the transcript, this telegram said:

"Together with Ambassador Rosenberg, arrange with the head of the Spanish Government [Largo Caballero], for the shipment of the gold reserve of Spain to the Soviet Union. Use for that purpose a Soviet steamer. This operation must be carried out with the utmost secrecy. If the Spaniards demand from you a receipt for the cargo, refuse. I repeat, refuse to sign anything, and say that a formal receipt will be issued in Moscow by the State Bank. I hold you personally responsible for this operation. Ro-

senberg has been instructed accordingly."

Orlov further testified that the gold was not being taken away, but that it was being shipped to Russia for safekeeping. He added that he was the one who gave the orders for the gold to be loaded on as many ships as possible in the event that one sank or was captured. This testimony coincides in every way with the other details contained in this article.

Orlov testified that great joy was felt in Kremlin circles once the shipment arrived safely. At a banquet celebrating the event and attended by members of the *Politburo*, Orlov quotes the deceased dictator as having said: "The Spanish will never see their gold again, as they don't see their own ears."

IN THE YEAR 1946, Giral, head of the Red Spanish Government in exile in Mexico, had an interview with the Mexican Foreign Minister and the Soviet Ambassador. Soon after, Giral was at a banquet in Paris attended by Molotov. Thanks to Maurice Thorez, top-flight French Kremlin agent, Molotov granted Giral an interview during which the Soviet Foreign Minister gave Giral loose promises of economic assistance. Giral is known to have questioned Molotov regarding the return of the Spanish gold deposited in Moscow. He received nothing but

vague promises unfulfilled to this day. It is logical to assume that since Molotov agreed to discuss the question of the unused balance of the Spanish gold, it could not have *all* been spent eight years earlier, as the *Pravda* article claims, according to the *New York Times* of April 6, 1957. The *Pravda* assertion, saying that the Republican Government ("Loyalists") within two years spent the entire fortune of gold, has no other source but the Kremlin, and the Kremlin is vitally interested in preventing the truth about this colossal swindle from being known.

Of all the war supplies used by the "Loyalists", an immense amount, though not the largest, came from the French socialist government of the time headed by Edouard Daladier, Pierre Cot and Jules Moch. This matériel was paid for by Spanish foreign currency deposits having absolutely nothing to do with the 585 metric tons of gold shipped to Russia.

As to the war supplies sent out of the Soviet Union, let no one forget that right from the start of the Bolshevik Revolution, Lenin had Spain earmarked as a focal point for communist aggression. In this respect, Lenin's followers with Stalin at the head of the *Comintern* agitators, had every interest in keeping the "Loyalists" well supplied with arms for this fruitful holocaust.

Stalin unmasked when, on October 16, 1936, he sent the following telegram to comrade José Díaz, Secretary of the Spanish Communist Party:

"The workers of the Soviet Union, in giving out all the assistance they can to the revolutionary masses of Spain, are only fulfilling their duty. They are aware that to liberate Spain from the oppression of the fascist reactionaries is not a private affair of the Spaniards, but the common cause of the whole advanced and progressive humanity. Brotherly salutations. Stalin."

It is for the same reason that the Soviet writer, Constantine Simonoff, warmly received by the Department of State in 1946, along with Ilya Ehrenburg and the now deceased General Galaktianov, made the following statement at a rally held in the *Salle Pleyel* in Paris: "For us, World War II began in Madrid and did not end in Berlin. But it must finish in Madrid."

Apart from these political considerations and to the financial credit of the Spaniards—though ruined by the "Loyalists"—this other fact has to be brought out. As long as Red-dominated Spain continued in commercial contact with Soviet Russia, which it did for close to three years, it compensated in a large measure for the Soviet "debts" by exporting to the Soviet Union frequent cargoes of lead, mercury, saffron, paprika,

almonds and huge quantities of textile goods from Catalonia. The "Loyalists" thus maintained an appreciable trade balance with the Soviets. Then again, the 585 metric tons of gold—the staggering sum of \$722,226,960.00—do not include other valuables and art treasures smuggled from Spain into Soviet Russia. A sum of this magnitude does not vanish into thin air. This writer is persuaded that most of it is still in Moscow.

SUBSTANTIALLY false *Pravda* statements have been regularly translated into English and other languages, to be cabled out of Moscow by foreign correspondents.

No newspaper agency in the Soviet capital has to fear the blue pencil of Soviet censorship, when there is question of wittingly or unwittingly propagating the Party line. What makes the story unsuspectingly acceptable and even more plausible, is the fact that the "news" is published often by a reputable agency using the hypnotic Moscow dateline. A case in point related to the Spanish gold is the closing paragraph of William J. Jordan's article datelined Moscow, April 5, 1957, and published in the *New York Times*, April 6.

"Pravda said none of the Spanish gold had been used to pay for the support of Spanish emigrants and children who found refuge in the Soviet Union during the Spanish

Civil War, but that the Soviet Union had paid the entire cost."

This writer knows with absolute certainty that the only "emigrants" from Spain living in Russia were *Comintern* agents headed by Dolores Ibarruri (La Pasionaria), and an isolated group of Spaniards employed by the *Comintern* radio station who were busy fomenting trouble not only in Spain but throughout the entire world.

Soon after Franco began restoring order to Red-infiltrated Spain, thousands of Spanish children were rounded up by the "Loyalists" to be sent out of the country, "away from the hazards and dangers of war." At least this is what the parents of these children were told.

Hospitable countries such as France, Argentina, Canada and England were said to have been prepared to offer refuge to these children. It was under these conditions that many Spanish families confided their children to the "Loyalists." What has happened to these Spanish children, the majority of whom were not even in their teens twenty-one years ago?

In the years 1936-37, several ships with thousands of Spanish children aboard left Red-held ports of Spain, apparently bound for the above-named countries. In accordance with pre-arranged secret plans, once at sea the ships were diverted to the two Soviet ports of Odessa and Leningrad.

A NUMBER of Red "maestras" (school teachers) accompanied these quick-spirited and alert children. Their indoctrination and political mind-warping began immediately following their arrival. School books and manuals in line with the formal atheistic education of the time were printed in Spanish for their use by what was then called the "*Narkompros*" (People's Commissariat for Public Education). Not a single one of these children—all baptized Catholics—could satisfy his religious needs, since there were, of course, no chaplains.

The teaching of history particularly with regard to Spain was so falsified and warped that one of the Red Spanish Ministers of the Valencia Government indignantly protested. By what aberration of the mind can these Spanish children deceitfully brought to the Soviet Union be called "Spanish emigrants and children who found refuge in the Soviet Union during the Spanish Civil War"? This is another patent example of insulting Soviet semantics, propagated unwittingly, it is hoped, by a great newspaper.

This writer happens to know that the Soviets are the last people on earth permitted to associate the costs of keeping these Spanish children, with any part of the unused Spanish gold held in Russia. The best proof of this assertion is the little-unknown fact that Krem-

lin authorities never replied to hundreds of letters from families claiming their children sent from Spain in 1938-39.

In the face of this Soviet silence several official appeals were addressed to the Kremlin via the International Red Cross of Geneva through its representative, Monsieur Wehrlin, with whom the author frequently had dealings. Every single one of these official appeals for the return of these children went unanswered. When the International Red Cross was finally forced to close its office in the old Boyar Bazaar Building on the Red Square and leave the country—after having been barely tolerated by the *NKVD* (now *MVD*)—nothing had been accomplished for the repatriation of these thousands of Spanish children.

The author saw some of these children in Russia. They all wanted to go back to their families. By that time, ten years after their

arrival, all had grown into young manhood and womanhood. The Soviets deliberately refused every opportunity of sending them back to their families and homeland.

THE ACCURATE number of expatriates—now men and women who were returned to Spain in 1956, after spending 20 years of their lives in a country where they had never wanted to go—is 3,500. These are the “emigrants” referred to in the *New York Times* translation of the deceitful *Pravda* article.

Other Soviet statements referring to the Spanish gold merit the same incredulity to be attached to the story of the Spanish “emigrants.” The whole truth concerning the Spanish gold will eventually be known. No help can be expected from Kremlin leaders. Having too much to hide, their main interest is to keep the facts confused and concealed.

The Non-Aggression Treaty

The treaty of Non-Aggression was signed on the night of August 23, 1939 by von Ribbentrop and Molotov, and with a secret provision which assumed that Hitler would march on Poland immediately. Then Stalin and Hitler would divide this tragic country; the Baltic states would be divided; and the USSR would move into Bessarabia, a part of Roumania.

It was this treaty which turned Hitler loose on Poland. It brought disaster to every non-communist country in the world. Please note that von Ribbentrop (the German), who signed it, was hanged after the crooked Neurenberg trials as a “war criminal.” The atheist Molotov drew up and signed this sinister treaty. He is still alive and still furthering the conspiracy. Churchill who knew and has said that it was then Stalin’s aim to overrun and divide the British Empire in the East, became Stalin’s friend.

LET'S GO TO NEW SALEM

By Ruth Louise Johnson

Just as the restored city of Williamsburg, Virginia, shows how Americans lived there in the 18th century, so the restored village of New Salem, in Illinois, shows how American pioneers of the Middle West lived in the 19th century. But there the resemblance ends.

Where Williamsburg has beautiful homes, wide streets, a Governor's Palace and other fine buildings, New Salem has crude log cabins and shops built along a winding lane that could by no stretch of the imagination be called a street. But along that lane once strode a tall gangly young man who was to become President of the United States.

In 1828 James Rutledge and John Camron erected their homes on a bluff, overlooking the Sangamon River valley, northwest of Springfield. The following year they laid out the town of New Salem and began selling lots. Grist and saw mills were built, a furniture maker arrived, as did a blacksmith, a wagonmaker and a hatter. A carding mill was erected. Two doctors came. James Rutledge built the Rutledge Tavern.

To this village in 1831 came the young Lincoln, and here he met Ann Rutledge. He worked as a store clerk, a rail splitter, chopped wood, and served as postmaster and a surveyor. And here, at night, he read by the light from the cooper's fireplace.

In 1837, Lincoln left New Salem for Springfield to practice law, and, two years later, when the county seat was established at Petersburg, New Salem was doomed as a settlement. One by one, the families moved away.

The first step toward rebuilding began in 1906, when William Randolph Hearst bought the village site and transferred it to the Chautauqua Association. In 1917, the Old Salem Lincoln League was formed to carry on research, and the next year the land was given to the State of Illinois to become a State Park.

The General Assembly voted \$50,000, and reconstruction of the buildings began. The first was the Berry-Lincoln store. A number of cabins and shops were rebuilt upon their original foundations, as well as the Rutledge Tavern and a school. The only original building is the cooper's shop. It had been moved to Petersburg but was returned to New Salem in 1922. In the buildings are the old-time beds, tables, chairs and cooking utensils; wheat cradles, candle molds and flax shuttles. Flowers and vegetable gardens have been planted.

At the entrance to the restored village is a statue of the young Lincoln by Avard Fairbanks, a gift to Illinois from the Sons of the Utah Pioneers, showing him as New Salem knew him, a book in one hand and an ax in the other.

Could you be a **HERO**?

by Irv Leiberman

A SURVEYOR for a Southern railroad was heading his handcar up a mountain track one pleasant day. Suddenly the afternoon express, ahead of schedule, hurtled around a long curve toward him.

As he braked to a halt, "*Jump!*" was his first thought. But he realized that the half-ton handcar would almost certainly derail the train. He thought, too, of reversing directions and trying to beat the express downhill to the nearest siding. He realized he never could make it.

Finally he did the impossible. He *lifted* the handcar off the tracks and the express roared safely past.

With the engineers, he went back to the scene several times and tried to duplicate his feat. "No matter how hard I tried," he said later, "I could never do it again."

Young and old, many of us have such incredible reserves of strength and coolness. Our whole being, mind and body, fuses burningly on the immediate emergency so that we rise above fear or pain. Here is the "X" factor of courage, the stuff of which heroes are made. In crises, it blazes forth mysteriously, and for a moment the most prosaic of us becomes Superman.

The timid clerk, the smiling housewife, may possess it as fully as the lifeguard. If we are lucky,



we may go a lifetime without calling on it. But occasionally, some of us must marshal every ounce of heart and brain in one supreme, elemental triumph over danger.

Among the bravest spontaneous heroes are children. In an Ohio town, a 14-year-old boy found a chum lying unconscious on a damp patch of ground, his hand locked to a steel rod which crackled with 2,300 volts of electricity.



The rescuer tried to release his friend's grip with a blow of his fist, but the electricity hurled him flat. He got up and kicked the wire, and again was thrown down. Still game, he hunted until he found a branch with a Y-shaped twig.

As he hooked the twig onto the rod, voltage flowed through the branch to him, shaking his arm, but the current was endurable now. He pressed the end of the

twig against the branch, making a tight loop. Then he jerked the rod from the grasp of the unconscious victim. Thanks to this young hero's bravery, the other boy lived.

THERE HAVE been many such spontaneous heroes. Police and such organizations as the Red Cross and the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission will testify to amazing heroism by plain people.

In Illinois not long ago, a small and timid farm wife saw a bull pitilessly butting the hired hand against the earth. She ran from the house, picked up an axe and with one blow stunned the bull. Then she half-carried the injured man to safety.

You wonder what steels such people. At least part of the mystery, science tells us, can be explained in terms of glands and emotional states. In excitement, the glands are greatly stimulated, particularly the adrenal and thyroid; and tension helps to activate the body so that we call upon unknown reservoirs of strength.

In Poughkeepsie, New York, James Hines, a 36-year-old Negro, was spending a pleasant July afternoon with his four small children, aged ten months to four years. Also present were his wife, another mother with her five-year-old daughter, and a third woman. Without warning, fire swept the house, and Hines was marooned on the third floor with the women and five children.

The only possible route to safety was a window overlooking a small garage. It was a straight drop of two stories, but Hines decided to take the chance. The jump smashed his left leg so badly that bones protruded through the flesh. Every movement sent hot agony through his body, and nausea and faintness swept him in waves. Then the "X" factor asserted itself.

Standing on his good leg, bracing himself as best he could, Hines called to his wife to drop the children to him. One after another, he caught them, staggering back each time in pain, but not once dropping the burden. He caught his ten-month-old daughter and his three young sons. When the fifth child, a girl, twisted in air, he had to reach forward to grasp her, wrenching the broken leg. But he held on.

Fire bells now were clanging in the distance, but Hines' job wasn't done. A ladder was standing nearby. Crawling along the garage roof, he reached it and, with almost his last strength, swung it against the burning building. Then, before he collapsed, Hines helped the three trapped women to safety.

FATE SEEMS to delight in confronting the frail, the ailing and the unprepared with almost impossible assignments. They carry them out with reserves of strength marshaled from no one knows where.

For example, a Boston postal clerk who dived into Fort Point Channel when a car went over an embankment had a bad heart and had been warned to avoid any exertion; a Georgia carpenter who tried to save a drowning child had a broken arm in a sling. Harold Crady, of Ocean Breeze, New York, rescued a child by throwing himself into a canal. Because the

water happened to come only to his neck, he could hold the child above water. To get into the water, Crady had to twist himself out of his wheelchair.

When people discuss stories of heroism, they are bound to relate war-time tales. Probably one of the most amazing cases to come out of World War II was the extraordinary heroism of Staff Sergeant Henry E. Erwin of Bessemer, Alabama. He was a radio operator on a B-29, and this is the way it all happened.

ABOUT an hour off the coast of Japan, Captain Tony Simeral, the pilot of the lead ship in the formation, knew it was time to drop a phosphorus smoke bomb to assemble the other B-29s into position. Dropping the bomb was the radio operator's job: at a signal from the pilot he was to release it through a narrow tube with a flap valve at the bottom.

Simeral gave Erwin the signal; but there was malfunction in the tube. The sputtering bomb hit the jammed valve, bounced back into the ship, and exploded in Erwin's face, searing off an ear and blinding both eyes.

You know how phosphorus burns, with a furious intensity that makes fuselage metal blaze like tinder. The bomb at Erwin's feet was eating its way through the deck, and there was a full load of incendiaries below. He was alone;

the navigator had left his table just before and gone up to the astro-dome to get a star shot.

There was no time to think. He stooped, picked up the white-hot mass of flames in his bare hands, and started forward toward the cockpit, feeling his way with elbows and feet.

The navigator's folding table was down and latched, blocking his way.

Erwin's sleeves were rolled up. He placed the blazing bomb under his bared right arm, hugging it against his side while the fire ate into his flesh, and with the remains of his left hand fumbled with the spring latch until it opened.

The loose skin came off his hand onto the table as he lifted it. He took the bomb back in his hands, and he held it out in front of him, and stumbled forward again. He passed the engineer's compartment, a walking torch. The engineer turned a fire extinguisher on him and smothered the flames in his clothing, but the phosphorus was burning into his flesh as intensely as ever.

He reached the copilot, and gasped, "Is the window open, sir?" and leaned over and tossed out the bomb. Then he collapsed on the flight deck.

The smoke had blotted out the instrument panel, the plane was out of control; Simeral's wing plane, following him down, reported that he was less than 300

feet off the water when he righted it.

Simeral radioed the formation that he was turning back, jettisoned his bombs, raced for the emergency field at Iwo Jima.

The crew applied first aid to Erwin, gave him plasma, smeared grease on his smoldering flesh.

He never lost consciousness; half-way back to Iwo, he asked another question, the only other time he spoke: "Is everybody else all right, sir?"

The story which heroism tells over and over is that of apparently ordinary men and women taking tremendous risks, braving all manner of injury and pain, simply because it's the right thing to do. On behalf of total strangers, they perform amazing feats.

HEROIC DEEDS have often resulted, also, from conflicts with animals. In Fort Lauderdale, Florida, Joseph R. Arcaris, an animal trainer, heard a dread sound coming from a cage which housed five untrained lions. Animal caretaker Chester Czaja was in the lions' cage and the maddened beasts had him down. He was flat on his back, unconscious and bleeding.

Arcaris had no time to go back for a gun or even a chair. He knew, too, that a trainer's usual

tricks would be pitifully inadequate against the five maddened lions whose jungle spirit was unbroken. Arcaris picked up a stick and walked in.

His heart pounded. The lions were mauling the caretaker as he rushed toward them. Then the stick began to fall—fierce blows, delivered with the strength of fury.

Two of the animals had retreated at Arcaris' first onslaught. Now two more grudgingly slunk off, roaring their anger. He turned back to Czaja—and froze. The last lion had dragged Czaja to a corner of the cage. And one of the others was returning to the prey.

Somehow Arcaris found strength to charge the two animals, belabor them with his stick until once more they retreated. Then other circus hands arrived and kept the lions at bay until both men could be carried to safety.

What makes a person, in a moment of mortal danger, do what is right and do it instantly?

What motivates this sudden gathering together of all the forces of life, vigorous and burning, so that in one supreme moment of defiance, life shows itself greater than death? No one will ever know. But this shining mystery proves without argument the magnificence of man.

His money is twice tainted: 'taint yours and 'taint mine.—MARK TWAIN

Piteous plea of a fed-up father

Hate Homework

by Rev. John Schott



IN RECENT YEARS parents have been urged to cultivate a better relationship between the home and the school. Most of these pleas of course emanate from the school authorities, and the obvious insinuation is that fathers and mothers have been the chief of sinners. This is easy to understand for parents as a group are extremely inarticulate, while school teachers with their powerful lobbies in almost every state capitol are able to obtain good press releases and thus tremendously influence public opinion. But surprisingly little is ever said in these discussions about the inordinate amount of homework which we patient and perturbed parents have been doing in a futile attempt to develop a better rapprochement between these two great character-building agencies, the home and the school.

On this matter I can speak from sad personal experience. At present I have two children in Junior High, a son in the Ninth Grade and a daughter in the Seventh. Two years ago when this nightly routine began I must admit that I enjoyed it immensely. The problems were easy, and the essays I

could dictate very readily. But the requirements have now become quite exacting, and I find that after a hard day's work I am in no shape to do my boy's homework and at the same time assume the additional burden of seeing that my daughter gets a passing grade.

The burden of this work becomes all the more grievous when I realize with what sadistic delight the teachers dish out this work in a most indiscriminate manner. I even know one of these fiends to have said, "He'll find the first problems easy going, but wait until he hits Number 23—I hope he has to sit up all night."

As a taxpayer I naturally resent this. What are school taxes for anyway? To give us more work to do? I'm a college graduate and passed higher mathematics with honors. But in the twenty intervening years I have forgotten all I knew about that exacting science. Where does the justice come in that I have to repeat this process not once but twice?

Of course these teachers blithely say, "Don't you find it very challenging? If not, then make a game out of it." But I am too old to be kittenish, and furthermore I have too much money invested in my television set to see it rusting away while I struggle at my children's detestable homework.

There are, I know, some parents who delight in this type of work. Strange as it may seem, this de-

mented minority considers homework as an opportunity to demonstrate to one another and to their children how brilliant they are. I am even told of a father who used to break off work at an early hour in the afternoon so that he could get home in time for the first crack at the night's assignment. But his wife, a most selfish and inconsiderate woman, made it her business to beat him to it. And what is much worse, she used to gloat over her nefarious achievement. When the husband solicitously asked if he might check the work to see if she had made any mistakes, she would reply, "Elementary, Dr. Watson. And, as you know, I never make any mistakes." It is easy to see how such an attitude can permanently injure a husband's ego.

MOST OF US fathers, however, are of a more rebellious and defiant nature. We detest homework, and we don't care who knows it. But the teachers instead of seeing the handwriting on the wall and giving us some recognition for work accomplished persist in writing on our papers, "Not satisfactory. It is apparent you are not working up to capacity." As a result a number of us have become neurotic and developed defeatist complexes.

In one of the suburbs on the Main Line things fortunately are a little better. One day while riding home on the train a man strut-

ted into the train in a most expansive manner. My friend thought he was some capitalist who had just made a great haul on the stock market. But on inquiry, we were told that he merely had got an "A" on his daughter's essay last week. Such an achievement automatically permitted him to sit in a special section of the train reserved for "A" students. But on our branch-line, no recognition is afforded those of us who have done superior work.

I feel safe in saying, however, that even though our efforts go "unheralded and unsung," most parents are willing to make any reasonable sacrifice of time and effort for better relationships between these two great institutions, the home and the school. But perhaps the time has come to look at the whole problem of homework once again in a very objective, sane and unprejudiced manner.

To say the least, homework has had a most detrimental effect upon family life and many of us are filled with alarm. As a father of an adolescent boy, I am reminded in almost every magazine that I should be his pal, but does his abominable homework help matters? Most certainly not. In fact it only tends to widen the gap between my boy and me. In the case of mathematics, for example, I not only have to learn how to do the problems, but to do them according to the teacher's method which

so often seems strange and mysterious. At times that has proved an insuperable obstacle, and after my futile attempts to help him he has walked away dejectedly, saying, "Well, Dad, I guess I'll just have to figure it out for myself."

AT TIMES homework has caused major crises in our home. Not so long ago when some neighbors had stopped in for a call I was giving vent to a number of brilliant remarks about the world situation, pointing out, in what I considered a very lucid manner, where Congress was making a few glaring mistakes. But in the midst of my learned dissertation, Junior barged in asking me to help him with a certain problem. Naturally I was elated that he knew where to come when in difficulty.

It was a simple problem, but my boy unfortunately got me off my guard. It seemed impossible for me to come down from the intellectual heights to which I had soared. Even time did not come to my rescue, for the more I studied the problem the foggier I got. Realizing my plight my neighbor nonchalantly said, "Can I be of any help?" In utter humiliation I not only had to admit defeat, but had to watch my friend race through the problem with the greatest of ease. I learned later that he had, only a few minutes before coming over to my home, struggled with that same problem for his own

boy; but the damage had been done, and my son, leaving the room, gave me a pathetic look as if he were saying, "Dad, why can't you ever be smart?"

I have also discovered that my social life has been sorely neglected of late. After the day's arduous toil I now have to return home, nervously gulp down the evening meal, and betake myself to my children's rooms for the grueling grind. As a result I have not been able to accept a social engagement on school nights for months, and when Friday comes around I am so exhausted that I welcome a night when I can go early to bed.

We are often reminded that Sunday evenings, in the olden days, were very delightful occasions. Relatives would call, or the family would stand around the piano singing joyously the "Old Refrain." But not now, for thanks to our progressive educational system, my children frantically corral me on this day of rest and compel me to put my nose to the old grindstone, woefully reminding me: "It's later than you think. What about our essay, our math? The words we have to look up?" When I make the slightest attempt to demur and am emboldened to affirm that it is their homework, not mine, they give me a hurt look and say, "Fred's father gladly helps him. I guess you would be happy to see

us flunk." As a father of Junior High youngsters I well know now that it is not for me "to reason why", but "to do and die."

FROM TIME to time a writer in a fearless disregard of the consequences will suggest to our embattled teachers that they go easy on homework. With an impressive array of statistics he is ready to prove that homework impairs a child's health, causing over-fatigue, eye-strain, nervousness and anemia. How ridiculous! Such a writer does not get around very much, for he has failed to realize that homework is assigned not for the discomfort of the children but of their parents; it is a sort of perverted retaliation on the part of the teachers for having been afflicted with our undisciplined youngsters.

We parents have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It's in the Declaration of Independence. And certainly no one can censor us for opposing the intrusion, five nights a week, of these nefarious homework assignments, causing untold family tension and turmoil in the home.

At the beginning of another school term my earnest plea is that we parents be done with homework once and for all, that we present a united front against the tyranny of our children's teachers.

Adult education programs, promoted by the UN and sponsored by tax-exempt foundations, are being used to further the Communist ends.

DISCUSSION GROUPS

A LEFTIST TRAP

by
Jo Hindman

A STRATAGEM of betrayal is at work in America today—*talk*. It is not plain talk, as an American talks, not the open forums of American debate but radical buzz sessions that attempt to subvert faith, patriotism and pride of Americans in God and Country.

In Korea, this subversion was called brainwashing, and the United States was shocked because a few soldiers expatriated themselves for Communism. Yet, on home ground, thousands of Americans are undergoing degrees of brainwashing in “discussion” groups.

Members of these “discussion” groups study books and materials written by Communists, “front” authors and one-world radicals. The discussion leaders keep the talk twisted toward a pre-determined idea: *world government*. A

dangerous warhead of this movement—attacking through channels of adult education—is brainwashing Americans with the unwitting assistance of organizations that pride themselves as being defenders of Americanism.

Brainwashing, anywhere, follows a pattern. First, comes the “softening,” process that produces mental confusion; and next, the “implanting” of fallacy and falsehood in the confused mind.

In Red China, Communist brutality, bloodshed and murderous butchery “softened” physical and moral resistance of the hapless Chinese and created confusion. In Korea, Communist captors found a handful of prospective American defectors, minds fallowed for implanting of political fallacies, pre-“softened” by ignorance of principles sustaining human freedom.

In the United States, "discussion" groups are resorting to a third function—"lure" advertising. This process is unnecessary in Red China or Korea, where captives are forced to attend "discussion" groups.

Appeal of "discussion" groups lure advertising lies in the titles ranging from parenthood to medieval arts, which draw to the brain-washing cells persons otherwise unreachable by Marxist fallacy. Typical "lure" titles are found among liberal arts "discussion" groups of universities and colleges.

One such title is "Ways of Mankind," an educational hoax posing as anthropology and authored by a group of "world-minded" anthropologists who are obsessed with social engineering. A set of books, LP recordings of so-called anthropological skits and a "leader" to keep talk slanted in the predetermined direction, comprise the "Ways of Mankind" set-up. Guileless students believe they are enrolled in a course of introductory anthropology; instead, they are receiving massive doses of one-world nonsense cloaked in phony anthropology.

For instance, a League of American Indians is likened to the United Nations in a skit so artificially contrived that even the anthropologists sheepishly admit its fictional source. Nations of the redskins are pictured renouncing sovereignty and joining in a pact

(world government) that strips them of tribal freedom, but brings about "Peace."

SIMILAR to the wily Communist "peace line," the "discussion" group fallacy is politely directed, not to shrewd, cold-blooded emotionless people who covet power nor to self-pitying, hating, revengeful misfits who espouse Communism, but to well-meaning Americans who are moved by emotions of pity and compassion for their fellowmen. The leader's "key," steering the propaganda, is replete with similar world government analogies.

The liberal arts add "lure" titles, turned out by the educational mill at the rate of approximately two per year, each beaming deception on its own peculiar topic-wave. "World Affairs Are Your Affairs," pleads cooperative co-existence with the Soviets. "Introduction to the Humanities" seeks abolishment of conventions in organized society. "Parenthood in a Free Nation" drills into young parents the futility of resisting political change leading toward what is described as a "better world," outfitted with unmistakable one-world accessories. "Economic Reasoning" proposes an economic one-world.

Typical of the "softening" type of discussion groups are the American Heritage Project "discussions" of the American Library Association, promoted through public li-

baries of the United States. Allegedly a study of historical documents, the ALA effort has the effect of discrediting Americanism and American traditions. Instrumental in developing anti-patriotic attitude in AHP is a symposium of readings including many authored by Communists, Communist sympathizers and fellow-travelers, with a flimsy representation of the "other side" included as a mockery by editor Professor Henry Steele Commager of Columbia University, himself a controversial figure.

The American Heritage Project received stiff rebuke from the Reece Committee in its investigation of tax-exempt foundations for using contentious films, including "Brotherhood of Man" distributed by an outfit which is reputed to have Communist Party associations.

Months earlier, The American Legion *Firing Line* blasted this, and other propaganda films, with the following warning: "Don't let the Commies palm off a pro-Communist film in your community under the guise of promoting 'Brotherhood.'"

Persons exposed to "lure" and "softening" types of brainwashing often drift within orbit of the "implanting" discussion groups, such as the World Politics program of the American Foundation for Political Education that openly discusses the angles of establishing world government. Here, discus-

sion group members are moulded into embryo political action troops by trained leaders.

The AFPE operates a sprawling apparatus that exploits not only libraries and colleges, but churches, schools, chambers of commerce, world affairs councils, civic and service organizations and adult education councils in the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom.

AT THIS POINT, a certain matter needs to be brought to attention: This "discussion" group spearhead that is pushing through the portals of adult education is financed by Ford Foundation. Ford's Fund for Adult Education has received more than \$2 millions of tax-exempt funds from the parent Foundation, and is spending liberally on the "discussion" group movement, and additionally rewards kingpins in the promotion with Ford Foundation-FAE fellowships.

After priming the propaganda pump, so to speak, the Fund usually withdraws financial support from a going operation, causing total expense of the "discussions" to fall upon the public, through support of public libraries, colleges, universities, or other publicly financed institutions that sponsor the one-world propaganda.

So impudent has this pick-pocket of the public become that even donations earmarked for charity are

misdirected toward the advancement of one-world propaganda. This occurs when community-supported organizations, such as the YMCA and YWCA sponsor World Politics, which they do.

Groundwork for the entire "discussion" group movement was apparently laid out in the first session of the general UNESCO conference at Paris in 1946. The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization that is organized to promote world government, gave "most urgent" top priority to the role of *adult education* in advancing "international understanding," to "stimulated" library programs and to studies centering around world problems. The world government bias of "discussion" groups now, ten years later, via library, adult education agencies and world politics foundations offer unassailable evidence that exposes the contemporary "discussion" movement as the 1946 UNESCO directive translated into militant action.

THE UNESCO volume, *University Teaching of Social Sciences*, published in Paris, France, in describing techniques now being used in the worldwide "discussion" group movement, furnishes descriptions of the "leaders" who are non-experts on the topics, but who are trained in propaganda skills; role-playing—acting out skits—and buzz sessions that gerry-

mander the group into smaller parts steered by a brainwashed "chairman."

Biased discussion groups are identified by topic, left-to-center authors and their writings, by UNESCO techniques, and lastly by administrative personnel. Names of individuals associated with UNESCO and its various sub-agencies are easily spotted on the rosters of organizations supporting "discussions" that are sharpening the axe of UNESCO world government.

Among Ford-FAE directors is Harry A. Bullis, an official of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States which is represented on the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO, a body whose purpose is to promote the one-world gospel of UNESCO throughout the United States.

Another Ford-FAE director is Milton S. Eisenhower whose UNESCO record is so lengthy that limited space precludes listing of his UNESCO positions here.

Also a director is Allan B. Kline, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, which is a member of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO. Anna Lord Strauss combines a Ford-FAE directorship with activities within the League of Women Voters, a member of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO.

That is not all. During 1954-55, the Ford-FAE board granted \$400,-

000.00 to the Adult Education Association of the U.S.A., which is a member of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO, and directly tied in with the Ford-FAE "discussions."

Another Ford-FAE grantee, the American Library Association, that received thousands of tax-exempt dollars to initiate the American Heritage Project and to operate its office for adult education also swells the list of members on the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO.

IN THE AFPE-World Politics organization, also supported by non-taxed Ford-FAE money, the UNESCO artery is maintained by advisory board member, Victor G. Reuther of AFL-CIO, a member of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO. An AFPE director, Louise L. Wright, was U.S. delegate to the UNESCO Paris meetings that laid the groundwork for dissemination of UNESCO teachings through organizations such as the AFPE.

Deep in the UNESCO "discussion" web is Dr. Paul Sheats, vice-chairman of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO, delegate to a Paris 1956 UNESCO conference on adult education, and associate director at UCLA (University of California at Los Angeles), whose extension division controls one of the largest "discussion" group operations to be found

anywhere. Sheats is also chairman of the Committee on Citizens Consultations, still another "discussion" group effort, but one that springs directly from UNESCO and openly wears the UNESCO label.

These "discussions" have been initiated by the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO and are financed by U.S. government funds through the U.S. Department of State, and are being released through colleges and universities. Materials, authored by ultra-liberals as F. Ernest Johnson and Reinhold Niebuhr, are published by the U.S. Government printing presses. The Adult Education Association of the U.S.A., UNESCO adjunct and Ford-FAE grantee, co-sponsors the "Consultations" with the U.S. National Commission on UNESCO, illustrating more of the interlocking UNESCO power elite.

Near the organization taproot of UNESCO lies the shriveled IPR (Institute of Pacific Relations) which came into world spotlight in the heated U.S. controversy over Professor Owen Lattimore, a notorious "friend of Russia." In 1954, IPR was discussing disbandment because the work it had set out to do was being duplicated by UNESCO. In 1955, IPR was stunned by revocation of its tax-exempt status. On January 2, 1957, Federal authorities listed IPR among organizations declared to be Communist-front or outright

Communist enterprises. UNESCO has carried on.

TRACING the pattern underlying China's fall, Senator William Jenner, Internal Security Subcommittee chairman, identified, within the IPR, key figures who cleared the path for the ultimate Communist victory in the Far East. IPR was holding "discussions" and meetings preceding the betrayal in the Far East, these parlays being attended by persons who could affect China's fate. The ensuing revolution was agony and death to millions of Chinese. Today, "discussions" on the mass population level are being used to brainwash the survivors and to subjugate the spirit of the subjugated nation. Attendance is mandatory for all workers in Red China; they either attend the compulsory meetings or they are out of a job.

Describing Red "discussions" that sometimes go on for hours and days on Marxist doctrine, a freed missionary reports that remarks about "western imperialism" inevitably lead to sneers about "political aims" of religious leaders. As part of the Communist attack upon faith in the Supreme Being, the "discussion" leaders next describe church leaders as "imperialists" and "running dogs," and religious organizations—outlawed, of course—are termed nests of spies against the Red regime.

In the United States, persons at-

tending Ford-FAE's "discussions" have been contacted by an anti-religious society soliciting membership. One of the invitations reads: "The program of discussion and activities (of the Humanists) are so broad as to encompass speakers such as Dr. Brock Chisholm, first Director of the World Health Organization of the United Nations; Dr. Linus Pauling, Nobel Prize winner of California Institute of Technology; Mr. Paul Blanshard; Mr. Corliss Lamont, and Professor Harry Elmer Barns." The society represents Communist-front, one-world, and anti-religious opinion.

A revolution performs its work all at one time. *The "discussion" movement in the United States is revolution in slow motion.*

In China, the people lacked the security measures to protect them; the political oxidation was rapid and produced revolution in deadly explosion. In the United States, the People have set up security measures to protect their sovereignty; additional safeguards are found in decent concepts of faith, patriotism, and pride of Americans in God and Country. Rusting of these safeguards is the job that the "discussion" movement has set out to accomplish—to befog, ridicule, discredit, to misrepresent truth so as to remodel, by one method or another, American attitude into acceptance of world government—such is the contemptible assignment of these preambles of treason.

"Discussion" mish-mash now is drawing puzzled titters; someday, when the padding is publicly stripped to the one-world skeleton inside, the entire hoax may earn punishment for Foundations foolish enough to risk their tax-exempt privilege by donating money to the political sideshow.

A strange twist, and one more clearly seen since the Communist butchery in Hungary, is the schism among the One-Worlders. Non-Soviet One-Worlders, to the last man, all profess abhorrence of Red Communism, yet propose acceptance of their domestic socialism. Should Red One-Worlders simply vanish, which of course they will not, there are enough One-Worlders elsewhere on earth to keep the idea of collectivism at high pitch.

One domestic internationalist, Robert Maynard Hutchins, has drafted a toy World Constitution and several associates of the Fund-for-the-Republic president have lent their signatures to the document. The University of Chicago, stormy Hutchins mouthpiece, has even gone so far as to teach a course based on the renegade paper.

A Red leader once boasted, "Twentieth century Americanism will be twentieth century communism." The boast will be less assured when "discussion" group fallacy, actually UNESCO without its label, can be stopped.

Bellwether of the "discussion" movement appears to be Ford-

FAE. Last year, when Pomona College spoonfed "culture" to a select group of California businessmen, Ford's FAE picked up the tab. A public utilities company sends young executives to the University of Pennsylvania to study "world organization" and to fondle human skulls cast in clay (anthropology). The event is hailed in a publication of Ford's FAE.

IN Boston, a rash of discussions on international affairs erupted early in 1957, touched off by the World Affairs Council, Massachusetts League of Women Voters, Boston Junior Chamber of Commerce, Boston College, Boston University, and Brandeis University. Boston Public Library, seat of the "discussions" distributed booklets on discussion etiquette prepared by the American Library Association, for its LCP (Library-Community Program), an alias for the American Heritage Project initiated by Ford-FAE grants.

National Education Association, an UNESCO adjunct and Ford-FAE grantee, is crowning its 1957 Centennial with a "discussion" project steered by UNESCO associates, Willard E. Govens, president of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO, and Walter P. Reuther, President of United Automobile, a UNESCO promoter through AFL-CIO. Here, NEA "discusses" at community level its hoary plea: proposed federal aid

to education toward a world community.

Given a generation or two of adults brainwashed by UNESCO into placing faith in world government instead of the American Constitution, a revolutionary *coup*, perhaps by ballot, could overthrow the Constitutional government of the United States of America. But public approval must come first, and obviously, the "discussion" movement is concentrating on adults in the voting bracket.

UNESCO, when openly labeled, has met with opposition from patriots in all walks of life. Unla-

beled UNESCO, of the "discussion" type, is finding easy entrance into unwary institutions and organizations tricked into acting as hosts of the one-world movement.

UNRECOGNIZED, the "discussion" group movement has won the advantage of a head start. Perhaps years of battling are ahead. The combined efforts of many different individuals and patriotic groups can break the propaganda web and bring to a halt the one-world stratagem in the United States—actually a revolution in slow motion.

Beware Of Mother!—Dr. Brock Chisholm, Canadian psychiatrist and former head of the World Health Organization, has achieved notoriety for his espousal of a large number of dubious propositions, chief among them the assertion that Canadians, instead of producing children of their own racial stock, should adopt coloured babies. In a recent article in the Canadian WEEKEND MAGAZINE, he said: "As far as I am concerned, the sooner we're all interbred the better." He has now excelled himself by banishing human conscience. "Conscience," he declares, "is just what you believe when you are six or seven years old and it is dangerous to put one's behaviour in the hands of a child." Those who conscientiously refrain from telling lies or robbing the till will now know that their scruples are childish and behave in a more adult fashion!

The child, however, must beware of his own mother. When the mother's authority is no longer adequate, the procedure, as described by Dr. Chisholm, is to bring in a "bigger stick"—God, who knows what you do all the time. "The next step is really dangerous, when the mother tells her child God knows what he is thinking. This is thought-control in its most dangerous form." Dr. Chisholm said one of the main jobs of this generation was to rid children of these taboos and give them "free imaginations." The use that will be made of these "free imaginations" is perhaps beyond Dr. Chisholm's own imagination to visualize. Or is it? One feels that he was not made head of the World Health Organization without his ideas being known and approved in the "highest" circles.

How to Win a Quiz Show

by Jess Stearn



So you want to win a bundle on a quiz show?

Requirement Number one, odd as it may seem, is a certain amount of self-confidence—being a quiz kid can be a rather nerve-racking experience. Also, a little knowledge doesn't exactly hurt, but from there on in, the field's wide open—and the income tax man may be your biggest headache.

If you're the brainy type, for in-

A pleasing personality, intelligence and steady nerves will pay off

stance, you might go after Charles Van Doren's record-breaking \$123,000 on the NBC show, "Twenty-One," or try for the supreme prize of \$256,000 offered by the originators of the "\$64,000 Question"—CBS's answer to "Twenty-One."

For shows like "The Big Pay-off" and "Do You Trust Your Wife?" there is no great demand for learning, though a pleasing personality is helpful. As a matter of fact, personality, appearance and proximity to New York, where most of the shows originate are decisive factors in selecting contest-

ants for many shows. However, in some shows, a contestant can qualify merely by being in the studio audience.

Indeed, there are so many quiz shows, with such varying qualifications, that almost everyone has a chance to get on—and walk off a winner.

However, while coolness under questioning is a prime requisite, the big-money shows pay off chiefly on information, which is a product of assiduous reading and retention rather than any unusual learning.

Almost anybody can try out for NBC's "Hold That Note." Contestants are encouraged to write in to emcee Bert Parks, briefly giving their background and sundry vital statistics. A half-dozen likely contestants are screened from several hundred hopefuls each week. The finalists, who are actually called upon to identify songs, are judged on the rapidity of their answers, poise and personality.

Anybody with a musical ear—and a memory for music—can play "Hold That Note." Two contestants compete in identifying an excerpt from a song played by a studio orchestra. With recognition, the contestant pushes a buzzer, and the jackpot builds up. A contestant is eliminated as soon as his opponent identifies three songs. The winner can then pick up his spoils, or carry on in the hope of winning still more.

The CBS counterpart of this music quiz is the popular "Name That Tune." It is described as a fun show by its creator, orchestra leader Harry Salter, but you still stand to win \$25,000 if you can outlast the competition for six weeks running. Salter is frankly in the market for contestants with steady nerves, happy dispositions, few inhibitions, and enough knowledge of music to distinguish Alexander's Ragtime Band from the Star-Spangled-Banner.

YOUNGSTERS and old people, a fine contrast for TV, are especially welcome on the Salter show. The maestro regards the two as superior performers, and fundamentally every contestant on every quiz show is just that—a performer.

"Kids," Salter explains, "are charming and unself-conscious. They have a vast knowledge of songs, even if they don't understand them. That's because their minds are retentive. There's a myth that children love the childish songs. Actually, they go for the same popular tunes that the grownups like.

"Another myth is that grandmother is familiar only with songs of yesterday. Our modern grandmas seem to know even the rock and roll numbers."

As a rule, Salter finds, older people suffer less from show-time jitters, and calmness is an important

asset. In the Golden Medley—the advanced part of the show—for instance, you get only 30 seconds to identify seven tunes. With thousands of dollars in the balance, this could be a costly time for a nervous breakdown.

"You can't overrate nerve control," Salter says. Recently, a couple of honeymooners turned up on the show. They seemed awfully stiff. To relax them, and get a laugh, the orchestra started them off with "The Wedding March." In the circumstances, it was hard to see how they could miss.

"But the pair of them were completely paralyzed by the lights, cameras and general excitement. They just froze up. Finally, they blurted out "The Wanderer's Song."

It is remarkable what the strain of an unaccustomed quiz appearance can do to the nervous systems of apparently well-balanced human beings.

Take, for instance, the pretty girl from below the Mason-Dixon line. The band played a few stirring strains from "Dixie." The Southern Belle's eyes lighted up. Triumphantly, she cried out, "I know, I know—Yankee Doodle."

Like other quizmasters, Salter thinks of contestants as types, and selects them accordingly. Generally, he finds, Latin entries react to advantage because they have quick reflexes, and readily get under the time deadlines. On the

other hand, engineers, lawyers and accountants—traditionally cautious and deliberate—have been caught short weighing their answers.

According to Salter, airline stewardesses, as a class, make the very best contestants. The explanation is simple. "It is because they have to be well-adjusted, happy personalities to hold their jobs. You might say they have been screened for us by the airlines."

CONTESTANTS, generally, are fearful of not making a good impression in front of an audience which includes their best friends—and severest critics. Oddly, school teachers are not as afraid of appearing ridiculous as tradespeople, craftsmen and salesmen. "It's all right for a school teacher to look silly," a machinist pointed out, "everyone knows that he's got an education or he wouldn't be a teacher."

Almost without exception quiz contestants have the same lure—money. And the rewards are rich enough to attract many who would ordinarily shrink from exposing themselves to the frank scrutiny of millions.

One show alone, the "\$64,000 Question," has paid out more than \$1,250,000 since its inception in June, 1955, not to mention a score of consolatory Cadillac convertibles. And its sister quiz, the \$64,000 Challenge," born a year later, has paid out nearly a million.

Probably no quiz show has more applicants than the "\$64,000 Question"—and no wonder. Look at how many have won sizeable stakes on this show, while at the same time they are qualifying for an appearance—and still more money—on the Challenge spot. The Question has produced seven \$64,000 winners, thirteen for \$32,000, eighteen for \$16,000 and seven for \$8,000—and more people are winning every week or so.

During the first year, the show averaged 15,000 applications weekly by mail alone. A special staff, at Entertainment Productions, Inc., sifts all applications, turns the most likely over to a second team for further screening. From each 5,000 applicants, some 100 survive the second examination. Then comes the real checkup, as the sponsors figure they can't be too fussy about who's getting their money.

The surviving applicants are tracked back to their own neighborhoods and undergo a thorough investigation as to personal reputation, job-merit and the goodwill of their neighbors.

If they get by this test, they are invited to come to New York at the sponsor's expense. There they are interviewed by a special board of reviewers, and, if approved, are ready for their command performance.

PERSISTENCE by some applicants has paid off richly. Ted Nad-

ler, the astounding memory whiz who won well over \$150,000 on the Challenge, wrote five letters before he received notification to come to New York for an interview.

Billy Pearson, the jockey who won \$64,000 on The Question and split \$64,000 with actor Vincent Price on The Challenge telephoned several times from the West Coast, before he got any response.

Quite often, friends and relatives have proposed contestants without their knowledge. Opera authority Gino Prato's daughter nominated him for The Question and the little cobbler had no knowledge of what was going on until he was called in for an interview. The Italian-born shoemaker with the winning personality not only grabbed off \$32,000 on The Question but garnered a \$10,000 a year plum as a roving ambassador of goodwill for a manufacturer of rubber heels.

One of the early give-away shows, "The Big Payoff," picks its contestants in the simplest possible manner—from cards passed out in the studio audience or from letters to CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, in New York City.

The choice is made on the basis of interesting personal backgrounds, intriguing reasons for wanting to appear on the show, hobbies and professions. "About all that is required is a general intelligence," an official explains.

As a matter of fact, neither great learning nor intellect is required to estimate the number of sequins a model is carrying on a bathing suit or even the number of beans in a jar.

The show gets about 5,000 letters a week from applicants, with some 3,000 explaining why they cannot come to New York. Almost needless to say, the contestants are picked from the remaining 2,000 and studio cards.

SOME quiz shows admit quite frankly that educational background is about the last thing they care about—unless there's a laugh in it somewhere. Sponsors of CBS' "Do You Trust Your Wife?" are interested in personable people with an element of humor in their lives, especially of a romantic turn. The show, featuring husband and wife teams, often reaches out into the hinterlands for its contestants. Interview crews have screened applicants in Denver, New Orleans, and Cincinnati. However, if they haven't yet reached Podunkville, or wherever you call home, merely write the show care of CBS television in Hollywood, California.

Nothing succeeds like success, as the old axiom goes, and that necessarily applies to quiz shows, too. After all the publicity given Charles Van Doren on Twenty-One, the producers, Barry and En-

right, 667 Madison Avenue, in New York City, were deluged with tons of mail from would-be Van Dorens. However, this is one show where knowledge of all kinds is absolutely essential. And no dumb-heads need line up for the stiff four-hour examination which is the qualifying measure for the show.

The producers say frankly that they are interested only in geniuses or near-geniuses. "We want people," a production head explained, "who have such a wide range of information that you wonder how they got it and why. We like our contestants to have pleasant personalities, but we're paying off in knowledge and that's what intrigues our audience. They're fascinated by people who can answer questions they can't."

For smaller brains, Barry and Enright offer the amusing daytime show, "Tic-Tac-Dough." A half-hour test can put you on this show. But some have done so well with this exam that they have been asked to try for "Twenty-One." The most notable example is Van Doren himself.

Win or lose, quiz shows are truly great fun, according to contestants. Just be sure, though, to stock up on tranquilizers to steady the nerves, and wakeup pills to jolt you out of your tranquility. And a big, black bag, of course, to carry home the loot.

This Is What They Said

Money is power. Your money in your hands is power in you. In the hands of Government, it gives Government power over you.—T. COLEMAN ANDREWS

The power to Tax is the Power to Destroy.—CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL, 1819

The United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization is helping to strengthen the Communist government of [Hungarian] dictator Janos Kadar.—SENATOR R. L. HRUSKA (R., Neb.)

Terror propaganda, based on the devastating effects of nuclear warfare, has long been used in the campaign to frighten mankind into the acceptance of World Government.—*Candour Magazine*, London

Since 1917 when the international bankers took over Russia, no Bible has been printed in that godless Red enslaved country.—DR. BILLY JAMES HARGIS

All our existence as individual Christians, all our tradition and belief as a Church, is hinged upon Our Lord's Resurrection. It is true that Easter cannot be separated from our Lord's Birth, Life, Crucifixion and Ascension. Together they are the greatest events in all the world's history.—REV. ROBERT B. APPLE-YARD

If a sparrow cannot fall without God's notice, a nation cannot rise without His help.— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

The Soviet Union has violated every major international treaty or agreement it has entered into with a non-Communist nation during the past quarter of a century.—SENATOR WILLIAM F. KNOWLAND

To enter a battle, with doubt, is to defeat oneself.—LORETTA YOUNG

The ignorance of the educated is no less a problem than the education of the ignorant.—WESTBROOK PEGLER

The lessons of paternalism ought to be unlearned and the better lesson taught, that while the people should patriotically and cheerfully support their Government, its functions do not include the support of the people.—GROVER CLEVELAND, 1893

Few Americans realize that out of every \$5 a family spends for groceries, \$4 is for groceries, \$1 for hidden taxes.—PAUL S. WILLIS, *President*, Grocery Manufacturers of America, Inc.

Zionism is the most stupendous fallacy in Jewish history. I assert that it is wrong in principle and impossible in realization; that it is unsound in its economics, fantastical in its politics, and sterile in its spiritual ideals . . . I speak as a Jew.—HENRY MORGENTHAU, SR., *All in a Lifetime*

The financiers want an International Police Force. An International Police Force is commonly regarded as a means of preserving peace and preventing aggression. The financiers, however, intend that it shall serve a somewhat different purpose, preserving “peace,” indeed, but not quite the kind of peace which ordinary people would appreciate! If a country irritated the financiers by trying to establish a reformed money and foreign trade system which would enable its people to buy, at a price fair to sellers, all that its industries and commerce, working to full capacity, could produce and import, the financiers would declare that this country was engaging in “unfair” financial and foreign trade methods; in other words, that it was preparing a kind of economic war. It would further be pointed out that an economic war is usually the prelude to a shooting war, and, therefore, to prevent this terrible catastrophe, it was both right and proper to use the International Police Force to suppress the wicked country!—THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

Is there a Paper Curtain as well as an Iron Curtain and a Bamboo Curtain? There is the broader question, too: Why the lack of interest shown by the daily press in the infiltration of Communists in the departments of our Government? Has the American press been intimidated or subsidized? Again we do not know, but the fact remains that *The Tablet* should not be virtually the only press medium to be giving its readers such news.—*The Tablet*

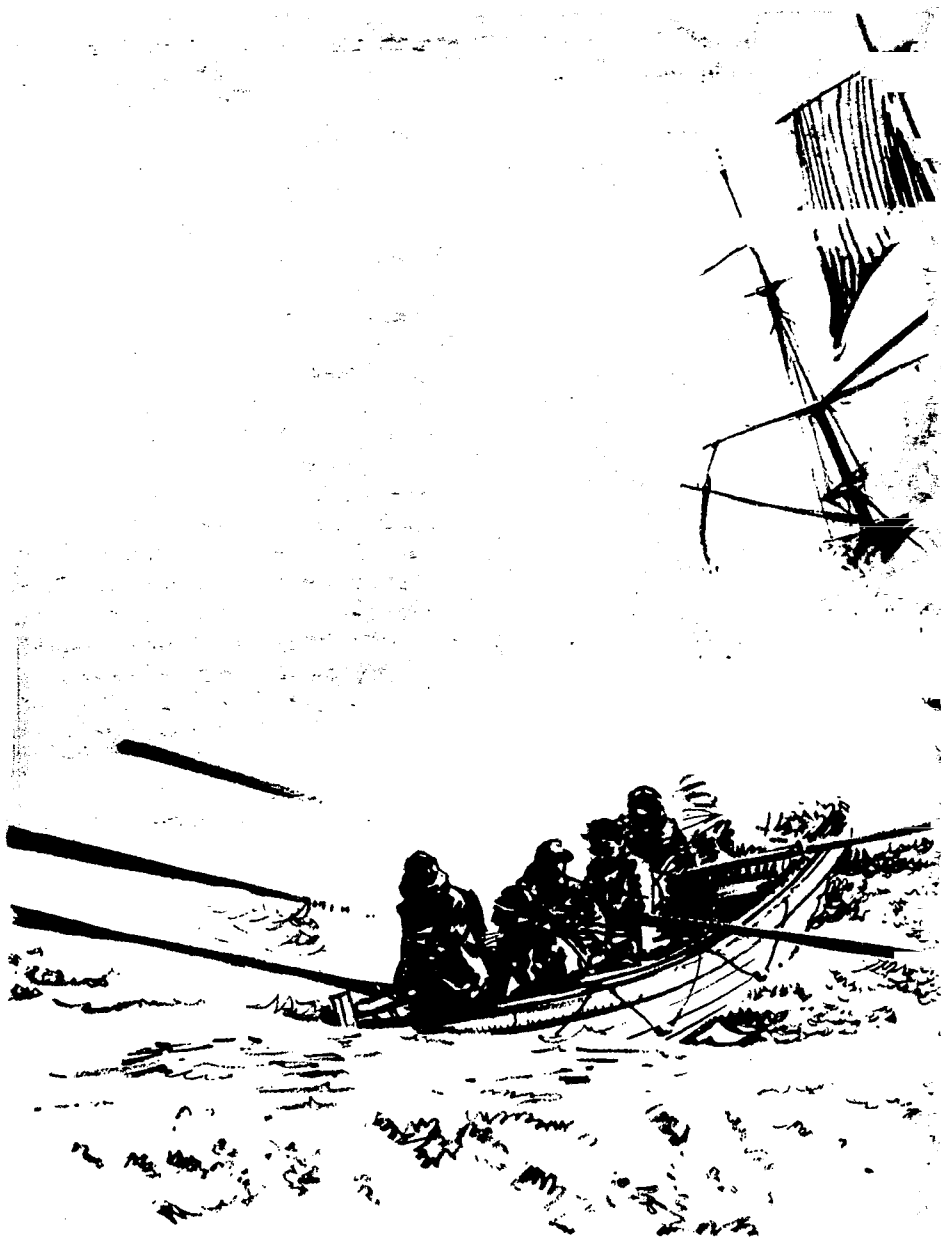
The American policy toward Israel was responsible for most of the trouble in the Middle East.

The American Policy in the Middle East has been one of backing Israel. Therefore, we consider America as giving moral and material support without which Israel could not have existed.

It's bad for the United States and their interest in the Middle East. They should stop. All American money has been spent on arms.—HUSSEIN FAKHRI KHALIDI, Premier of Jordan

Fifty years hence, the percentage of those who will observe the dietary laws away from home will be minimal. Kosher-style food will be consumed with relish in all large American cities by both Jews and Gentiles.—DR. JACOB R. MARCUS, Hebrew Union College

The Federal Reserve Banking is nothing but a *banking fraud* and an unlawful crime against Civilization. Why? Because They “Create” the money made out of nothing, and our Uncle Sap Government issues their “Federal Reserve Notes” and stamps our Government approval with NO obligation whatever from these Federal Reserve Banks, Member Banks, Individual Banks or National Banks, etc.—H. L. BIRUM, SR.





by Don Wharton



THIRTY MILES north of Cape Hatteras, N. C., the Graveyard of the Atlantic, the Honduran freighter *Omar Babun* was in distress in the night, tossing in rough seas. Her cargo of structural steel and heavy machinery had broken loose and was lurching perilously with every roll of the ship. Before daybreak she struck a bar 250 feet from the Hatteras shore and was stranded there, helplessly pounded by huge waves from the open Atlantic. Then in the half-dark the Coast Guard, alerted by radio, arrived on the beach. They fired a line to the ship's bow, set up a breeches buoy and one by one pulled all 14 of the ship's crew over the boiling surf to safety.

The Coast Guardsman who discovered the stranded ship was Ellery Midgett II; the surfman who fired the line-thrower gun was Edward Midgett; and the boatswain's mate who helped direct this 1954 rescue was



Edison Midgett. None of these men is close kin, but they are all members of a fabulous family which for nine decades has been rescuing mariners along North Carolina's Outer Banks—the long, lonely strip of windswept barrier islands that stretches north and southwest from Hatteras and its dreaded Diamond Shoals. When the old Life-Saving Service was set up in the 1870's, Midgetts were surfmen and station keepers at stations along the Outer Banks.

Midgetts were rescuing mariners long before the Coast Guard had jurisdiction over the brave men watching our coasts. As surfmen and station keepers in the old Life-Saving Service of the 1870's, Midgetts were represented in a dozen stations along the Outer Banks. Today three Coast Guard stations on the Atlantic are headed by Midgetts, and elsewhere Midgetts serve in lesser capacities. At one station I found two Midgetts, at another a Midgett who at one time had four brothers in the Coast Guard, at still another a commanding officer who said, "This is the only station I've ever served at that didn't have a Midgett."

Ordinarily, any family is proud to have one member win a hero's medal. But over the years ten Midgetts from this one Outer Banks family have been awarded Life-Saving Medals of Honor.

The first was John H. Midgett, surfman at the Cape Hatteras sta-

tion. On December 22, 1884, the 491-ton barkentine, *Ephraim Williams*, was spotted five miles off Cape Hatteras, wallowing in a sea running "mountains high" and flying a distress signal. Immediately John Midgett and five other men shoved off in their surfboat. First they had to cross the immense breakers on the inner bar. Then, nearly a half mile out, they had to hold their boat in check in the seething, foaming surf of the outer bar, wait for a comber to flatten out, row madly before the angry water could rear itself again. The surfboat's whole interior could be seen from the shore as she mounted the seas, almost tumbling over backward. The crew then had to pull four miles across what official reports termed "the most tumultuous sea that any boat had ever attempted on that bleak coast."

WHEN THEY reached the *Ephraim Williams* they found her waterlogged, decks awash, and about to break in two, her crew of nine all but dead from cold and lack of food and water. With all nine taken aboard, the surfboat was almost gunwale deep, but somehow Midgett's men rowed the five miles back through the tremendous seas and across the two lines of breakers. The records called it "one of the most daring rescues by the Life-Saving Service since its organization."

It wasn't the first for the Midgetts. Three years before, Bannister Midgett was keeper of the Chicamacomico station on Hatteras Island when the schooner, *Thomas J. Lancaster*, was stranded. The ship was breaking up, the captain's children had been washed overboard; his wife and others were lashed to the port fore-rigging. With a 65-m.p.h. wind blowing, Bannister worked all night and finally got a surfboat out to the schooner, where he plucked six survivors from the rigging. This rescue was aided by another Midgett, Stanley, who wasn't even in the Life-Saving Service but was hauling wood nearby when he saw help was needed.

Another medal winner was Levene Midgett, son of Joseph, who was in the Life-Saving Service, and father of the late Levene, Jr., who served in the Coast Guard. In 1931 Levene, Sr., then keeper of the Hatteras Inlet station, took a crew out in a severe storm to rescue five fishermen whose little trawler, *Anna May*, had swamped and sunk on the shoal. The fishermen were clinging to the mast, swaying in the tumultuous sea which tossed spray and shells a hundred feet into the air. They were shouting and waving when Midgett's boat approached, along with a second boat under Bernice R. Ballance, another Outer Banker. Suddenly the mast swayed too far, toppling the seamen into the breakers.

Instantly Midgett and Ballance took their surfboats into the seething breakers and saved them all.

Levene was then 41. He had been in the Coast Guard since 1917 and was to serve on until 1953. Once, when he was keeper at Chicamacomico station, he had 16 men under him, 11 of them Midgetts. During World War II, when 87 ships were lost off the Outer Banks, two-thirds of them to submarines, Levene Midgett often spent 18 hours a day cruising the waters in a power surfboat, searching for survivors. On one search every member of his seven-man crew was a Midgett.

THE Outer Banks' most celebrated wartime rescue came off Wimble Shoals, where, on August 16, 1918, the British tanker *Mirlo*, carrying a full cargo of gasoline, struck a mine laid down by a German U-boat. Explosions broke the ship in half, spewed flaming gasoline and oil over the water.

A lookout at Chicamacomico saw the explosion and Captain John Allen Midgett and crew came through the breakers in a power surfboat. They found one lifeboat clear of the flames, then spotted another, capsized in a sea of burning gasoline and oil, with six men still clinging to it. Midgett turned his wooden boat toward the blazing area, found an open passage and picked his way down it, his crew helping with the oars. Blind-

ed by smoke, their faces and bodies scorched, they reached the overturned boat and pulled the six blackened survivors out of the water. At dusk they found a third lifeboat drifting without oars with 19 men aboard—seared, naked men who had shed their clothes to beat out fires on the boat sides.

Midgett towed the two lifeboats to safety, and later, while lights from the shore were played on the breakers, he and his crew made three trips through the surf to land the survivors, 42 men in all. At the Cape Hatteras Maritime Museum in Newport News today you can see the surfboat used in the *Mirlo* rescue. To each of the six men aboard that day both the U. S. and British governments awarded gold medals. Five of the six were Midgetts: Leroy, Clarence, Arthur, Zion and Captain John. The sixth man was Prochorous O'Neal—who was married to a Midgett.

If the name of any one Midgett stands above the others it's Rasmus. In a little weather-beaten country store far down the lonely Hatteras spit you can see the heavy gold medal given Rasmus by the Secretary of the Treasury: "To Rasmus S. Midgett for Rescuing Single-Handed Ten Men from the Wreck *Priscilla*, Aug. 18, 1899." Here is what Rasmus Midgett did that day:

The 643-ton barkentine *Priscilla* was driven onto shoals off Hatteras Island in a hurricane. The cap-

tain's wife and son, the mate and the ship's boy were swept overboard. The hull broke in two. The after part, with ten survivors, settled a hundred yards from shore, in a dark, thick mist. Heavy waves were pounding it to pieces.

Rasmus, patrolling on a horse, heard the cries of the shipwrecked men, made out part of the vessel, quickly calculated that it would take three hours to get help from the station—too long. So Rasmus, a 48-year-old man, ran into the churning water, worked his way toward the wreck, moving back quickly to escape inrushing water, then ran forward and yelled for a man to jump. As each one leaped, Rasmus seized him and dragged him to shore. Seven times he did this, then learned there were three more seamen on the ship, too bruised to move. This time he worked all the way to the wreck, grabbed a line and pulled himself up to the deck. He found one helpless man and got him ashore before a breaker could sweep them out to sea. He made the harrowing, hazardous round-trip three times. This feat has been called "unparalleled in the annals of life-saving."

IN THE early years many Midgetts, as well as other Outer Bankers, went into the Life-Saving Service to get cash. Times were hard and the meager pay (\$40 a month for half a year, and \$10 for each off-

season rescue) was better than fishing. Most of the Midgett families lived in shacks behind the dunes, built of lumber salvaged from wrecks. They had only a horse or cow, a few poor acres on Hatteras Island, sometimes a small boat and a fishing net. Life-saving eventually became a tradition with them, and today many households can boast four generations of men in the Coast Guard and its predecessor service. One of Rasmus's sons was in the *Mirlo* rescue. The four Midgetts decorated along with him had seven sons in the Coast Guard. Ellery Midgett of the *Omar Babun* rescue had a father, grandfather, great-grandfather and great-great-grandfather in lifesaving. When Graves Midgett told me that he was one of five brothers in the Coast Guard, he felt

compelled to explain about the sixth brother: bad eyesight.

Most Midgetts are stocky, broad-shouldered, with fair complexions, usually blue or hazel eyes. Their speech has touches of Elizabethan English. No one knows where they came from, though it is generally believed that the first Midgetts on the Outer Banks were themselves shipwrecked mariners.

Court records show they have been there at least 223 years. In Colonial days the name was usually spelled "Midyett" and the "y" is occasionally used now; sometimes an "e" is appended. However they spell it, their name is a legend on the Outer Banks, in the U. S. Coast Guard and among men who go down to the sea in ships.

Taxi Tale

No doubt you have traveled in a taxi many times. But exactly why do we call this special vehicle "a taxi"?

The name's origin goes back a number of years. It started in Paris, France.

When the city's officials first decided to use regular motor vehicles as "for hire" passenger cabs, there was a good deal of heated discussion as to what fares should be charged. Finally it was decided to install a meter inside each cab. This meter would automatically register the miles traveled and in this way the fare would be determined. Also placed in each cab was a sign which read, "taxed by the meter," thereby telling each passenger exactly how he would be charged for his ride. Cab users have retained the first word of the sign and today we call the cab itself, "a taxi."

—ALFRED K. ALLAN

How legal were the War Crimes Trials?

NUREMBERG:

Justice or Revenge?

by Frederick Williams

What will be history's verdict on the so-called "War Crimes Trials" at Nuremberg in 1946? Was the verdict of these trials which sent German leaders to death and to prison terms the great democratic achievement which the free world hailed at that time? There are growing indications that fair-minded Americans are beginning to take a second glance at the wisdom and historic results of this trial of vengeance.

ANYONE who knows anything about law and justice can tell you that three fundamental requirements must be met before the trial of the worst criminal can be said to have complied with the traditional notions of justice of the Christian World. 1. The court or tribunal must have "jurisdiction" to try the case; 2. the trial itself must be "fair"; 3. and the sentence must be subject to some kind of "review" when and where necessary.

This knowledge has, in recent years, induced many thoughtful men in America to look back critically at the War Crimes Trials and similar proceedings. The developments in the last decade have

eased the passions of the period following World War II, thus making room for sober reflection. Did the War Crimes Trials administer justice or revenge? Were the requirements of fair trials—jurisdiction, due process and review—complied with in the War Crimes Trials?

If we turn first to *jurisdiction* we find that it is "the right of a court to produce before it the parties involved." Generally speaking, it is of three kinds: Jurisdiction of the subject matter, jurisdiction of the parties, and jurisdiction to render the judgment which was given. When we apply these oversimplified requirements to the "jurisdiction" of the War Crimes Tribunals

we become involved in highly debatable theories of what is known as "international" law. The jurisdiction of the War Crimes Tribunals was "created" by a series of "agreements," "declarations" and "executive orders" of the heads of the four "Allied Governments" which *purported* to create jurisdiction.

Authorities on international law generally agree that so-called "conventional" war crimes, such as the murder of innocent children by soldiers, can be tried before any legally constituted court or tribunal which can bring the accused under its jurisdiction. This jurisdiction, however, depends on international conventions or agreements and is not to be confused with a codified body of law to which all nations subscribe or must subscribe. There is no such thing as international law in this sense, although there are international agreements.

Keeping in mind then that we are not dealing with the administration of any *universal* "international law" (which does not exist) but with the creation of *new law*, which purports to be "international," let us look at some of the *declarations, executive orders and agreements*. What did they actually say and do? The Moscow Declaration, with the familiar ring of Soviet terminology, was a "... full warning" to the "recoiling Hitlerite Huns" that the "aforesaid

three allied powers..." would send "those German officers and men and members of the Nazi party who have been responsible for, or have taken part in... atrocities... to the countries in which their abominable deeds were done in order that they may be punished according to the laws of these liberated countries..." The Declaration contained a further "warning":

"Let those who have hitherto not imbrued their hands with innocent blood beware, lest they join the ranks of the guilty, for most assuredly the three Allied Powers will pursue them to the uttermost ends of the earth and will deliver them to their accusers in order that justice may be done."

LET US make a few dispassionate observations at this point: First of all, the release of the Moscow Declaration was a "full warning" indeed, because it told the Germans what "awaited" them. German propaganda exploited this threat, thus strengthening the German will to resist. This probably resulted in the loss of many American lives.

Secondly, the Declaration—despite its legal jargon—is nothing but a thinly disguised *threat of revenge*, couched for the most part in Soviet phraseology.

Thirdly, we may ask, how did the United States get involved in all this? The language of the Dec-

laration may have been English, but the spirit of *revenge* behind it, as illustrated by the terminology, certainly was not "American."

IN SHORT: A series of declarations and agreements purported to create jurisdiction to try "crimes," some of which had never been recognized as "crimes" before, for instance "crimes against peace." It is true that in the Communist world people are imprisoned or executed for "crimes against peace," but should that bind us? Furthermore, the perhaps gravest objection which has been raised to these agreements is that they produced what lawyers call *ex post facto laws*, that is, laws which make an action "done before the passing of the law and innocent when done, criminal, and punish such action." The United States Constitution forbids the passing of such laws.

Even more disturbing than the "jurisdictional" aspect of the War Crimes Trials are the "fair trial" aspects.

Annexed to the London Agreement was a Charter, Article 3 of which provided: "Neither the Tribunal, its members nor their alternates can be challenged by the prosecution, or by the defense, or by the defendants or their Counsel." This is a lawyer's way of saying: Even if the judges on the bench are highly prejudiced against you, you have no standing to complain. Article 19 read: "The

Tribunal shall not be bound by technical rules of evidence." This means that important safeguards of an orderly trial which, for instance, exclude mere "hearsay" evidence, have been extinguished in a proceeding of this kind. The rules of procedure governing the trials, in other words, were clearly questionable.

Turning here to the actual conduct of the trials, I found filed in the Supreme Court on May 14th, 1948, a petition by an American Colonel defending 74 Germans, who ranked from general to private. An exhibit, attached to the petition quoted from the trial record: "Attention is drawn to the opening statement of the prosecution in which the following language was used: 'Despite the youth of these suspects, it took months of continuous interrogation in which all the . . . tricks, ruses and stratagems known to investigators were employed. Among other artifices used were stool pigeons, witnesses who were not bona fida, and ceremonies.'"

"The prosecution's own witness testified on direct examination as follows:

- Q. Did you use any ceremony of any kind in the interrogation . . . ?
- A. I guess you would call it a ceremony. We used sort of a mock trial, I guess you would call it. We had whoever wasn't busy sitting in the chairs behind the

table, posing as officers hearing testimony. First, the witnesses that we had against him were brought in, and if they were bona fide witnesses, they were sworn. And the interrogator sat down at the table and took notes, or maybe he started writing the statement right then . . .

Q. Do you know whether or not the accused were confronted with witnesses who were not bona fide?

A. I know that they were.

Q. Do you know whether or not the interrogators ever raised their voices during the interrogation?

A. I am sure they did.

Q. Do you know whether or not suspects ever broke down and cried after they had confessed?

A. I saw a few, yes, sir.

Q. Did they cry silently or did they sob out loud?

A. I think out loud, sir.

Q. Do you recall other methods used for eliciting information, other than you have already described?

A. No special methods. Each interrogator had his own bag of psychological tricks, you might call it.

ployed third-degree methods. Secretary of the Army Royall thereupon sent a board of three officers to investigate these cases. President of the Board was Colonel Gordon Simpson, JAGC-Res., then Justice of the Supreme Court of Texas. The report concluded that it was "extremely doubtful that an American court-martial would fix any punishment more severe than life imprisonment, if it were trying members of the American Army who committed like offenses in the heat of battle." The report continued:

"Moreover, the prosecution testimony in this case was made up in large part of the extrajudicial statements of the accused. Many of these statements implicated to a damaging degree others of the accused. Admittedly, some of the statements were obtained by the use of mock trials in which one or more persons attired as American officers pretended to preside as judges and others attired in Army officers uniforms pretended to be the prosecutor and defender of the accused. The room where these proceedings were held contained a table covered with black cloth on which stood a crucifix and burning candles. The accused was conducted to this room with a black hood over his head. The mock trials were designed, among other things, to gain the confidence of the accused in his supposed defense attorney and thus to elicit a statement from him.

. . . The propriety of many of the

THE PETITION was supplemented by a 228 page review with analysis of the evidence against each of the 74 defendants. Quite aside from all the alleged legal errors, the most disturbing aspect of the case was the assertion that *the prosecution had systematically em-*

methods employed to secure statements from the accused is highly questionable, and we conclude, cannot be condoned. The extent to which the use of these methods operated to elicit statements from the accused cannot, in the nature of the situation, be accurately estimated. Sufficient doubt, however, is cast upon the entire proceedings because of these factors to make it unwise, in our opinion, to proceed with the execution of the death sentences which have been confirmed . . ."

Even *The Progressive* magazine, certainly not a fascist publication, printed in February 1948 an article on "American Atrocities in Germany." The article was written by the second member of the board, Colonel Edward L. Van Roden, JAGC-Res., a judge in the 32d Judicial District of Pennsylvania.

Pursuant to Senate Resolution No. 42, the Senate Committee on the Armed Services conducted an investigation of the trial of the "Malmedy Case."

On May 18th, 1948, leave to file a petition for an original writ of habeas corpus was denied by the United States Supreme Court for "want of original jurisdiction."

Another petition read:

"This petition is directed solely to the abuses in the above entitled proceedings, of those procedural directives of the Commander in Chief, and the spirit and the intention of the program they were de-

signed to implement. These abuses, practiced by certain individuals connected with the present case, were so aggravated as to constitute a denial to the Petitioner of his right to a fair trial and to an adequate opportunity for a hearing and defense. It is for the vindication of these rights, without which no man can be said to have been tried and sentenced in accord with the course and usage of the law—that this petition is filed. . . ."

These words came from a major in the United States Army, acting in performance of his duties as an officer and as a lawyer, thus probably constituting an informed and measured conclusion.

WE HAVE thus far assumed that the defendants in the War Crimes trials had a right to review of their cases. But did they? Article 26 of the Charter annexed to the London Agreement read: "The judgment of the Tribunal shall be final and not subject to review." That Charter provision, however, did not stop 200 odd defendants from trying to get such review. For the most part they were represented by German Lawyers who did not know anything about the American *habeas corpus* writ. What did the Supreme Court do about these petitions?

First of all, it "dodged" the issue by saying that it had "no original jurisdiction" to entertain the writ. Finally, on December 6th, 1948 Justice Jackson, who had been U.S.

Chief Counsel in the first Nuremberg trial and had therefore disqualified himself from participating in the conferences on the various motions, thus causing a tie vote and subsequent denial of the motions, decided to make a statement. He explained that the withholding of his vote would mean the execution of sentences "... which half the court tells the world are on so doubtful a legal foundation that they favor some kind of provisional relief and fuller review. The fact such a number of men so placed in the United States are of that opinion would for all time be capitalized in the Orient, if not elsewhere, to impeach the good faith and to discredit the justice of this country, and to comfort its critics and enemies."

The motions were nevertheless denied on December 20th, 1948, and one should note here the significant sidestep the court took: "We are satisfied that the Tribunal sentencing these prisoners is not a tribunal of the United States." In other words: The General who had to set up the Military Tribunal was declared the "agent" (in the legal sense) of the "international" powers who had agreed to conduct war crimes trials. What does this mean? It means that the conduct of such a tribunal is therefore not reviewable by American courts because of "lack of jurisdiction." This shows clearly that "interna-

tional" propaganda considerations influenced Mr. Justice Jackson to break the tie vote and that "international" considerations played the major role in the Court's final decision to deny these petitioners the traditional writ.

BUT the Court got itself into trouble by calling the Military Tribunal "international," because now German attorneys defending those tried before United States Military Tribunals perceived the advantages to be gained by pressing that these tribunals were United States and not Allied, or "international" tribunals: "As an American court, it was bound by the American Constitution and could not ignore the rules of law generally established in the United States."

On June 5th, 1950, the Supreme Court was forced to face the issue squarely: Defense counsel had finally succeeded in securing a ruling from the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia that "if a person has a right to a writ of habeas corpus, he cannot be deprived of the privilege by an omission in a federal jurisdictional statute."

All the fancy footwork about the "international" nature of the Military Tribunals and War Crimes Commissions finally had caught up with the Supreme Court. What did the Court say? "A non-resident enemy alien, especially one who has remained in

the service of the enemy, does not even have qualified access to our courts."

THUS the Supreme Court successfully blocked any effort to have the War Crimes Trials reviewed for reasons which have little to do with sound law or superior notions of justice. The dissenting justice, Mr. Black, seemed to make that point when he wrote: "The Court cannot, and despite its rhetoric on the point does not deny that if they (the defendants) were imprisoned in the United States our courts would clearly have jurisdiction to hear their habeas corpus complaints. Does a prisoner's right to test the legality of a sen-

tence then depend on where the government chooses to imprison him? . . . We ask only whether the Military Tribunal was legally constituted and whether it had jurisdiction to impose punishment for the conduct charged. Such limited habeas corpus review is the right of every citizen of the United States, civilian or soldier . . . Any contention that a similarly limited use of the habeas corpus for these prisoners would somehow give them a preferred position in the law cannot be taken seriously."

The facts presented here, if carefully considered, cannot but answer the question as to whether these trials were acts of "justice" or "revenge."

Nothing Is Impossible!

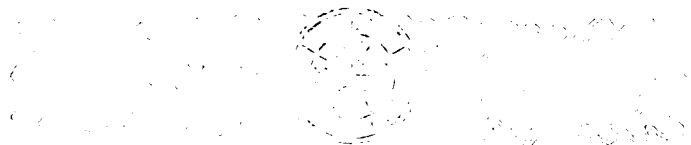
While my unit was stationed in Hawaii our clothes were sent to a quartermaster company to be laundered. A corporal in our outfit constantly complained about the noticeable shrinkage in his unmentionables. This led to the insertion of an occasional sarcastic note in his laundry bag. The bag would invariably be returned with a jeering note in reply.

One day the corporal found a railroad spike and placed it in his laundry bag with a note tied to it saying, "Let's see you shrink this." When his bag came back there was a carpet tack with a note tied to it saying, "We did!"

—ROBERT A. HEINTZE

THE WORLD'S MOST CURIOUS PEOPLE

by Deane and David Heller



The exciting life of the National Geographic Society

IF, SOME TIME, you should happen to be on one of those gold-plated quiz programs and the master of ceremonies asks you what the King of Afghanistan, the President of the United States, Gene Tunney, Richard E. Byrd and the Shah of Iran have in common, you're in.

Just take a long, deep breath and say in a firm voice, "They're all members of the National Geographic Society." Then go and collect your loot.

Membership in the National Geographic Society is something an amazing number of people, celebrities and otherwise, have in common. The Society has over two and a quarter million members in almost every nation on earth and is the largest scientific and educational institution in the world.

For a reputable scientific institution to have so many members and so much popular support is a situation literally without parallel.

But, then, the National Geographic Society is an astonishing organization, itself without parallel.

Since it was founded in 1888, the National Geographic Society has sponsored hundreds of expeditions. Consider just a few of the more epochal of these: the Society helped Commander Robert E. Peary finance the journey that discovered the North Pole on April 6, 1909. Its flag accompanied Admiral Richard E. Byrd to both the North and South Poles. In 1935, it sponsored the flight of the stratosphere balloon, *Explorer II*, which ascended 13.71 miles into the stratosphere; this was for 20 years the dizziest height ever reached by man. Again, the Society has sponsored man's deepest descent into the sea—the 3,028 foot plunge of Dr. William Beebe in 1934, which held the record for 20 years.

The fabulous things the National Geographic Society has accom-

plished could never have been done without fabulous people working for it. Take Luis Marden, for instance. Luis is noted for his underwater photography. Many consider him the ablest shutterbug ever to expose a film beneath the waves. He's just returned from photographing the undersea exploits of members of a fascinating, current Society project, mapping the oceans of the world.

What does Marden think of his assignments? Of the risks he takes? How about sharks, for example? He encounters plenty of them in his work.

"Sharks are cowardly creatures," Luis sniffs contemptuously. "I've been six feet away from a dozen of them. Sharks are more afraid of a man than a man is afraid of sharks."

Perhaps Luis somewhat overestimates the bravery of his fellow men, and the Society hastens to add that Luis' opinion about sharks is strictly his own. They consider them dangerous and to be avoided. Luis, however, is not alone in being a daredevil. For example there is writer-photographer Bob Moore who has a unique method of taking pictures of charging rhinoceroses.

Striving for stark realism, Moore gets his camera set up and snaps his pictures of the oncoming rhinos at 30 to 50 feet. When the furious, four-legged bulldozers get within 15-20 feet, Moore leaps into

a waiting car, which his driver has conveniently warmed up, and roars off.

This is a little tricky because the car has to get clear of the rhino. If it doesn't, it's scant protection. The two-ton monster could bowl it over like a tank.

In spite of the dangerous missions on which the National Geographic Society sends its scientists and cameramen, the Society has never had a fatality.

It does not regard its safety record as especially astonishing. "We instruct our scientists and photographers not to go out courting adventure," one official said. "They have a job to do, and if they get into any tight spots that could have been avoided by careful planning, they are not doing their job correctly."

OF GREAT importance are the two projects the Society is currently winding up: the fabulous "Sky Survey" and the ocean mapping project.

Consider the Sky Survey: The mystery of the starry night has fired men's imaginations for thousands of years. Ancient Egyptian priests and Greek scholars charted the paths of the stars. The riddle of outer space caused Euclid to invent geometry to measure the distance to the stars. Astronomy was man's first science, and one would have expected the skies to be thoroughly mapped. Actually, how-

ever, no comprehensive map of the universe was attempted until the National Geographic Society and California Institute of Technology teamed up to do the job half a dozen years ago.

The Sky Survey is delivering an atlas of 1,875 maps to observatories all over the world. Its work is expected to guide astronomers for a century or more. It has made many important discoveries about the universe.

EQUALLY as important as the Sky Survey and perhaps even more dramatic are the Society's current undersea explorations. Typical of the discoveries it has made is the salvaging of an ancient Greek sailing vessel which sank about 230 B. C. The mud-covered ship, lying in more than 110 feet of water off the rocky island of Granc Congloue near the port of Marseille, yielded hundreds of earthenware jars filled with wine.

Plates, bowls and other objects sunk in Davy Jones' locker for over twenty centuries were also brought up to provide a treasure trove for historians.

What does two-thousand-year-old wine taste like?

Like "all the mustiness and age there is in this world," Captain Cousteau sadly reports. "Either the years have been unkind or the ancients' tastes were peculiar."

While Cousteau and his fishermen are exploring under the surface of

the sea, other National Geographic scientists are studying life in places like Aldabra Island, in the Indian Ocean off the coast of Africa. Aldabra, an uninhabited speck of land in a vast sea, is virtually untouched since the dawn of time. Its plants, flowers and wildlife are astonishingly primitive. Much evolution has passed it by. The Society reports that the study on Aldabra was especially rewarding.

The expedition discovered a lot of things you can't learn in books. Take Luis Marden's experiences with his pet fish, Ulysses, for example.

One doesn't expect a fish to follow an underwater photographer around like a persistent dog, but that's what happened with Marden and his shadow, Ulysses, a giant, 60-pound grouper.

"Everywhere I went, that fish was sure to go," Marden complained. "I made the mistake of feeding it scraps of food and scratching its underside. It loved to be scratched. It'd roll over like a pet poodle. Ulysses got to be a real nuisance. Every time I'd set up my camera and lights to photograph undersea life, Ulysses would bump into it or get in the way somehow."

The Society's expeditions are writing new chapters in man's book of knowledge about the world we live in.

However, as important as the Society's contributions to learn-

ing have been, they are dwarfed by its prodigious contributions to our national defense.

Without doubt, thousands of American boys, who fought in World War II and Korea might now be lying in lonely graves but for the work of the National Geographic Society.

Nothing is more important to winning battles with the fewest possible number of deaths than accurate maps and information about the conditions under which battles must be fought. When the fateful scream of Japanese bombs plunged us into war at Pearl Harbor, thoughtful military men quickly realized that there was a frightful blank spot in our preparedness. We would, inevitably, be committed to fight bloody battles in places we knew little or nothing about: Guadalcanal, Yap, Tinian, the Carolina Islands—there were thousands of such little-known places. How could we ever find maps and information about such places? It had to be quickly, because war doesn't wait for map-makers. Wartime maps almost have to be literally drawn in blood. Routine facts must be learned at terrible cost in wartime.

Into this void stepped the National Geographic Society. It seems that the Society had not only heard of these remote places but had been there, compiled exhaustive data on them, and had drawn highly accurate maps of them.

For a good example of the way National Geographic Society maps saved lives, consider the time Fleet Admiral Nimitz was in a plane lost over the Solomon Islands. It was in the dark days of September, 1942, when only a pinpoint of friendly territory was held by our Marines in a sea of hostile territory controlled by the Japanese. A crash would put the Commanders-in-Chief of our Pacific Naval forces in the hands of the enemy!

THIS IS THE way a grateful Admiral Nimitz told the story in a letter now a prized possession of the Society:

"The pilot was equipped with but one small-scale chart of the Solomons area, showing only the larger islands. Further to complicate affairs, we now entered an area of continuous heavy rain with greatly reduced visibility.

"At this point, it was our good fortune that the Marine officer on my staff followed the practice of always carrying a National Geographic map in his briefcase. The map of the Pacific Ocean, which was put into use forthwith, included an inset of the Solomons, showing the smaller as well as the larger islands . . . it was possible to establish our position at the north west end of San Cristobal . . ."

"The National Geographic Society lent an unexpected but most

welcome helping hand," Admiral Nimitz said. "Needless to say, this was but one of a great number of occasions when your maps proved invaluable to the forces in the Pacific. Your charts were in wide service in planning work, particularly for areas which were not adequately covered by the official maps available."

A VAST AMOUNT of research must go into a National Geographic Society map before a single line can be drawn. And when the data is compiled, putting it on the map accurately is a painstaking job. Often, three months will be required to put in a mountain range. Mapping the globe is a never-ending Society task, for political and cultural changes require constant revisions.

The Society's mapmakers fear the worst, for example, from the Russian smashing of the Stalin cult. It could be only a matter of time before the sixty-two Stalinskis, the seven Stalinos and other places, named after the late, unlamented dictator, go down the drain. They don't mind Stalin getting the boot, but it makes a lot of extra work for them.

Maps weren't the only Society contribution to the war effort. Exploration requires a lot of seemingly fantastic equipment, and many Society inventions saw wartime service. Take the way a National Geographic expedition built

the forerunner of the "Duck," for example.

In 1928, the Society sponsored the Pavlof Volcano Expedition, under the charge of Dr. Thomas Jaggar. To do research in the forbidding Aleutian Islands, Jaggar found he had to have a vehicle that could travel both on land and water.

Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, then President of the Society and now Chairman of the Board of Trustees, tells it this way:

"We employed a Chicago firm to build an amphibious mobile boat devised by Dr. Jaggar. We named it the *Honukai*. It was 21 feet long, had a Ford engine, propellers, a truck drive, and double rear tires. The enclosed body had watertight compartments fore and aft.

"The *Honukai* was a huge success. With it, Dr. Jaggar was able to explore and map 2,500 miles of territory. Later, with the outbreak of war, the Combined Chiefs of Staff needed a truck that could travel in the water. We put them in touch with Dr. Jaggar. The *Honukai* became the famous army DUKW, soon shortened by GI slang to Duck."

Another of the Society's more intriguing problems is the matter of pictorial presentation of nude native ladies. To be specific, consider a study of the natives of the Joss Plateau, in the center of Nigeria.

The entire costume of a Joss

belle is likely to consist of a string of beads, worn around the waist. That's all, there simply isn't any more.

To present the facts about these people, who live almost exactly like their ancestors did before the Dawn of History, plenty of "skin" must appear in pictures of them.

That fact led some strait-laced folk to express the opinion that it would be well to have the ladies appear in something a bit more modest, perhaps a grass skirt.

Dr. Grosvenor, under whose leadership the Society's membership soared from a scant thousand in 1899 to more than two and a quarter million today, long ago took an uncompromising stand against this in favor of fearless reporting.

"It's our business to study these people," he declares, "not to censor their morals. If they don't wear any clothes, our pictures will show them that way."

A Society policy requires that all primitive peoples be studied and reported "sympathetically," with no adverse comment on their way of life.

The matter of the unclad maidens has given cartoonists and jesters an opening for many a quip. The Society has a scrapbook literally bulging with cartoons of native ladies in disattire, tied in with

some joke about the National Geographic Society.

Typical is a cartoon showing a dusky maiden, totally unclad, sitting in the waiting room of a large model agency.

"Most of my calls come from the National Geographic," she calmly remarks to astonished passersby.

DR. GROSVENOR was the ninth of the Society's ten Presidents. (He recently became Chairman of the Board and Dr. John Oliver La Gorce, an officer of the Society for half a century, is the current President.) Dr. Grosvenor became editor of the Society's magazine in 1899, its President in 1920 and served until 1954. He is now Chairman of the Board of Trustees. One of his predecessors as President was Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone.

Grosvenor's insistence that science and geography need not be dull is credited with the "miracle" of the Society's vast membership, about as large as the population on the State of Washington.

"This is a thrilling world we live in," Dr. Grosvenor declares. "The job of the National Geographic Society is to convey its wonders to our members in as exciting and accurate a way as we can. We do our best to live up to that."

New England's hardy stock acquires a strong addition

THE NEWEST

DOWN-EASTERS

by Ed Quarrington

ALONG the Kennebec River in central Maine is Richmond, a farming community of 2,217 persons.

With its tree-lined Main Street, its comfortable frame homes, smattering of stores and green Victorian railroad station, Richmond looks like any of a hundred other Maine towns and like a thousand others across the country.

There are, however, scenes in Richmond that aren't typical of rural America. You may see a bearded priest in flowing robes making his way to the Selectmen's Office. Some of the women shoppers wear woolen peasant babushkas as they haggle in a strange tongue with Yankee storekeepers. And military caps worn by some of the men waiting for their mail at the Post Office are in strange contrast to

their farmer's sheepskins. If you are introduced to them, they may click the heels of their boots and salute as they say, "Strasvechya."

The strangers—and natives scarcely consider them that any more—are Russian refugees who with frugality and industry have started life anew in the hard soil of Yankeeland. In the past four years more than 300 of them have settled in Richmond and the nearby communities of Pittston, Dresden and Gardiner, and more are joining the Russian colony every month.

The newcomers are made up of two distinct groups. Some are White Russians, former soldiers of the czar, who fled their homeland during the Revolution. Others are former Soviet farmers who chose to flee to the West and freedom

with the defeated armies of Hitler in World War II. They spent long years in Displaced Persons camps before coming to America.

Both groups arrived with little more than cardboard boxfuls of belongings. They took over deserted farms, far from the villages, and men, women and children went to work to prop drooping timbers, shore up holes, rebuild cellars and replace windows. Michael Kamishny recalls that during the first winter in Maine he subsisted mainly on pickled herring as he worked to rebuild a farm.

The Russians quickly won the admiration of Down Easters with their hard work and the abundant crops they produced. Townsfolk still tell of the Russian who walked ten miles to the village store, purchased a 100-pound sack of grain and carried it home on his shoulder.

The White Russians were—and still are—soldiers who turned to the soil from necessity. Their leader, Colonel Anatole Rogoshin, was a member of Czar Nicholas' personal bodyguard and hates the Communists with as intense a fury today as when they drove him from Russia.

BETWEEN the world wars, the White Russians lived in Bulgaria and Roumania. When the USSR was invaded, 20,000 of them—Colonel Rogoshin included

—formed an army which made a futile effort to smash Stalin's empire. More recently Colonel Rogoshin offered to form another White Russian army to fight the Reds in Korea but was turned down. His dream is still to lead a fighting force to liberate Russia from the Soviets.

"We do not wish to restore the czarist regime or any other," he says. "We wish to free Russia so it can choose its form of government in free election. The important thing is to throw the Reds out.

"We are willing any time to fight the Reds. We study military matters, hold staff meetings, we read military papers, and we seek to be ready to fight."

Meanwhile, the White Russians have turned into first-rate farmers. They settled in the Richmond area largely through the efforts of Kurt von Poushental, a former Russian baron and an aviator in the Russian air force in 1917, who emigrated to the United States many years ago.

"I planned to meet the colonel and his people on their arrival in New York and give them a cocktail party," he recalls. "Then I thought how much better it would be to give them a place to live. So instead of the party I gave them a 300-acre farm."

Since then the colonists have added 200 more acres to the farm and have turned it into a rest home for their aged members. The

farm's neat orderliness and the military bearing of many of its workers testify to the soldierly background of its people.

The White Russians also formed the Saint Alexander Nevsky Foundation—named for the Russian warrior saint who turned back the Tartars—and purchased an old Victorian mansion in the center of Richmond. With ikons and other religious ornaments that were part of the colonists' meager possessions, the interior of the home was converted to a beautiful Russian Orthodox Church, the only one in Maine. Now under the direction of the Reverend Afanasy Donetskow, a former Don Cossack officer, the worship and religious customs of old Russia are followed in the heart of Maine.

Baron von Poushental was also responsible for the arrival of the first 100 DP families in the Richmond area. These people, farmers by tradition, differ from the White Russians in religion, most of them being Protestants, and background but share the same language and the same hatred for the Soviets.

Devout and hard-working, they found the rugged Maine climate much like their homeland. As they had little money, the farms they bought weren't worth much. Sometimes two or three families went in together to restore the dilapidated buildings and refresh the soil.

The scars of Communism are on

the bodies and minds of nearly all the settlers. Mrs. Anastasia Endzgeevsky, for example, lost her husband to the Reds. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Andeief fled Russia in the Revolution and didn't return until the German invasion. Then they fled again when Hitler's armies retreated.

But few of the new residents talk much about the past. They prefer to work and plan for the future ahead of them in America.

THE AMALGAMATION of Russian and Yankee cultures in this Down East stronghold generally has been a friendly process. The Hinckleys, Bonds and Browns have introduced Boston baked beans, Indian pudding and Fourth of July celebrations to the Vasilchenkos, Koumpoloffs and Gonchars. They in turn have sampled borscht and smetanya and have been intrigued by the folk tales of old Russia as acted by children during the Christmas season.

Although language barriers have posed a problem—shopowners tell you with a smile that the first English words the Russian housewives learned were "too much"—the Maine farmers have been quick to assist their new neighbors and to advise on agricultural problems. But they haven't convinced the Russians that hay should be stored indoors. Consequently the outdoor hummocks that dot the countryside eas-

ily identify a Russian's farm and give a European look to much of the area.

Russian youngsters have proved good students in Maine schools even though they have had to learn a new language to understand their instructors. Many children walk several miles to attend classes while a few of the lucky ones are able to ride to school on horseback. Some of the colonists' children have headed their classes in scholarship and a few have already gone on to college and technical schools.

What of the future? Some of the White Russians still dream of returning in victory to Moscow. But most of the colonists are convinced that after years of privation and despair Maine is their permanent home."

"We like it here," Daniel Gurin says in his language that is part English, part Russian, part German and mostly gestures. "My family tried living in New York; we didn't like it. We like it here. The climate is fine, the soil is good, the people are friendly. This is home."

War Promoters' Activities

Those patriots in France who in 1939 wisely opposed participation in another international banker inspired war were arrested after the Germans evacuated France in 1945. They were kept in jail without trial for several years—some for seven years. Many were murdered by the communists, after the Petain government fell. It was so quoted in "La Republique Libre," published April 3, 1955. We are also reminded that Marshal Petain, the hero of France, was kept in prison until he died. The war record of Marshal Petain was unsurpassed. He had been given the very highest honors. His only crime was that he opposed "international intrigue."

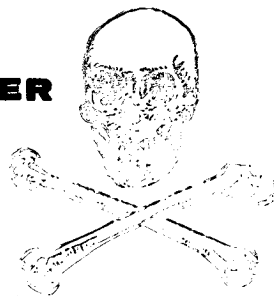
In these United States our citizens who intelligently opposed our being involved in the unnecessary World War II were flagrantly brought into court under the so-called "sedition case." These people were put to great expense, great humiliation and were smeared in the eyes of the people by the real war promoters. The conspirators also robbed the people with their fat war contracts, and purchases through international corporations.

Anyone who reads the book printed in France called "Epuraton," published by Les Sept Couleurs, 35, Rue Cortambert, Paris, will get this entire story.

Today . . . France's secret collaboration with Israel in the Suez attack may well eventuate in another war of world wide proportions.

POISON IN YOUR WATER

by Doctor Leo Spira



The high pressure drive to impose fluoridation upon the people of New York highlights the importance of this agitation. Unfortunately few people understand the implications of the fluoridation movement. The following is a brief summary of fluoridation, as seen from the laboratory and clinical points of view. THE EDITORS

THE PROPOSAL to add fluorine to the public water supplies to make up a concentration of 1.2 parts per million (p.p.m.) for the purpose of allegedly reducing the incidence of dental decay in children is a subject of heated controversy all over the country. It is strongly opposed by an ever-growing section of the nation on several grounds: constitutional, legal, medical, religious, moral and ethi-

The author has degrees of M.D. from Vienna University and Prague University, also Ph.D. in Medicine from London University. He is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, also of the Medical Society of the County of New York, etc. His clinical and experimental investigations of fluorine are recorded in 36 papers in medical journals in various European nations and the United States. He is author of the book *The Drama of Fluorine: Arch-enemy of Mankind*.

cal, amongst others. In numerous cities and towns, citizens have organized themselves for the purpose of opposing the wanton addition of the poison to their drinking water, which would have to be ingested by everybody irrespective of age and state of health, and without taking into consideration whether it is wanted or not.

Thus, the controversy between the fluoridators, on the one hand, and their opponents, on the other, has entered the realm of several professions and industries, each of which has taken part in the dispute according to their special spheres of knowledge and interest. The apprehensiveness about the project centers to a great extent around the accumulating knowledge of the harmful effects caused by the long-continued ingestion of

even small quantities of the chemical substance.

Fluorine is the most potent protoplasmic poison known to toxicology. It affects the enzymes, material essential for the proper utilization of food and for the maintenance of the organic functions of the body. It has a special affinity for the nervous system, on whose enzyme cholinesterase it exerts a suppressing effect. Being a cumulative poison, its deleterious action is bound to increase with advancing age.

Damage to the nervous system, namely, the brain and spinal cord, the peripheral nerves supplying the voluntary muscles of the body, and the vegetative nerve bundles which supply the involuntary muscles as well as the inner organs, including the endocrine glands, will be manifested by an abnormal function of the respective organs supplied by the damaged constituent part. Since, however, fluorine does not necessarily attack the entire nervous system in any one person at the same time, its manifestations will vary according to the particular part affected.

THE PROTRACTED ingestion of fluorine is followed by a chronic disease, in which symptoms attributable to a disturbance of the endocrine glands are conspicuous. The first obvious signs to appear on the surface of the body are those produced by a disturbance of

the parathyroids, four small glands embedded in the upper and lower pole of both the right and left lobe of the thyroid. Since the parathyroid glands are concerned with the maintenance of a proper level of calcium in the body, material as indispensable to life and health as is oxygen, organs regulated by them will often be the first to suffer to a larger or lesser extent. These are the skin and its appendages, the teeth, nails, and hair.

Damage to the skin is manifested by itching even without visible cause, by outbreaks of boils and weals, by "athlete's foot" and, in more pronounced cases, by eczema in any part of the body, which does not respond to any kind of local treatment but promptly disappears on internal treatment directed against chronic fluorine poisoning.

The teeth undergo changes known under the name of "mottled teeth," which are universally accepted as the first external visible sign of chronic fluorine poisoning, caused by the long-continued daily ingestion of as little as 1 p.p.m. of fluorine (equal to 1 mg in a litre, 1/120th part of a grain in a pint of water) during the period of calcification of the permanent teeth, that is to say, during the first 8 years of life. Swelling and bleeding of the gums occur, sometimes so pronounced as to lead to the development of pyorrhoea and to the subsequent loss of the teeth.

The nails become so brittle that even a slight accidental knock on a hard object—for example, the edge of a table—causes them to break across. Chalky-white specks, patches, and horizontal lines, closely similar to those observed on “mottled teeth,” develop on their surface, giving rise to the designation of “mottled nails.” The commonest feature is the occurrence of raised longitudinal ridges on the finger- and toe-nails.

The hair falls out prematurely, leading to a more or less pronounced baldness at an early age.

IT is a well-established fact that the deleterious action of fluorine consists in depriving the body of calcium. Only the therapeutic administration of a calcium salt will replenish the deficiency and improve the condition of the victim. There are, however, certain lesions produced by fluorine, which cannot be rectified by any method of treatment. Amongst them, the damage seen on “mottled teeth” is permanent and can never be repaired. Since calcium is deposited in the skeleton to a much greater extent than in the teeth and nails, in chronic fluorine poisoning the structure of the bones becomes rarified and weakened; they become brittle and break easily as a result of a slight accident. In the skull, the bone housing the inner ear apparatus becomes studded with numerous chalky-white specks and

patches which are closely similar to those seen on “mottled teeth” and “mottled nails” respectively. This results in a slowly progressing deafness, and in many cases its victims become stone-deaf and dependent on hearing aids. A large number of these victims of chronic fluorine poisoning are seen in the streets of New York City.

It is not the parathyroid glands alone, however, that are affected by fluorine. The lesions described are frequently accompanied by brown patches of skin in various parts of the body, closely similar to those encountered in chronic arsenical poisoning. They are evidence of a disturbed function of another set of endocrine glands—the adrenals—which regulate the pigmentation of the body. On treatment directed against chronic fluorine poisoning, the brown patches of skin disappear. Other evidence of fluorine affecting the adrenal glands are low blood pressure, general lassitude, tiredness, and lack of energy.

Yet other endocrine glands may be affected by toxic amounts of fluorine, as manifested by the presence of a female distribution of pubic hair and of an enlargement of breasts in young men, thus leading to the designation of “feminized males.”

The peripheral nerves are frequently involved. Attacks of neuralgia in the arms and legs and, more particularly, severe nocturnal

cramps in the calves are often complained of by the victims of chronic fluorine poisoning. The occurrence of "pins and needles" and of the sensation of deadness and numbness in the hands and fingers is experienced in numerous cases.

The brain itself does not escape unscathed. Those affected in an advanced stage are subject to fits of depression and even melancholia, and to a feeling of apprehension and irritability.

There is severe constipation lasting 2-3 days in mild cases and up to 7 days at a stretch in advanced cases of chronic fluorine poisoning. Constipation is associated with excessive gas formation in the bowels and with attacks of colicky pain in the abdomen. Blisters and cracks form on the mucous membrane of the mouth, causing pain on eating and talking.

WITH one or two exceptions, all these signs and symptoms of chronic fluorine poisoning here described are closely similar to those occurring in chronic arsenical poisoning. They were observed in the course of an intensive clinical investigation extended over a period of 32 years in Great Britain at a time when the question of a deliberate addition of fluorine to the drinking water did not arise. In greater detail, the investigation was carried out during the recent war on many recruits, both male and female, serving in the British

Army. They had lived in communities whose drinking water was either entirely free of fluorine or contained only insignificant traces of the poison, not sufficient to cause mottling of the teeth. Yet not only was a widespread incidence of mottling observed as the first external evidence of ingesting toxic quantities of fluorine but the well-known fact was once more fully confirmed that the teeth of the British population are proverbially bad.

Surely the fluoridators' own way of reasoning would lead us to expect that, owing to the ingestion of ample quantities of fluorine derived from sources other than the drinking water, the British would have excellent teeth.

Chemical analysis revealed the fact that there was scarcely any article of food and drink ingested in everyday life that was free from fluorine. In some of them it is present in large quantities. The average cup of tea, for example, contains as much fluorine as is contained in two to three tumblerfuls of drinking water with a concentration of 1 p.p.m., a concentration which is postulated by the fluoridators as the ideal for preventing dental decay in children. Sea fish is another important source of fluorine intake, sardines, for example, containing a concentration of as much as 15.6 p.p.m. The chemical substance used for sedimentation, filtration, purification, and

sterilization of drinking water derived from rivers, lakes, ponds, and so forth, were found to contain large amounts of fluorine.

For spraying fruit trees and vegetables, fluorine compounds are used, and samples of chemical fertilizers were found to contain as much as 400 p.p.m. of the poison. Dissolved in the soil, it is absorbed by plants and introduced into the body. In the manufacture of aluminium, too, which is widely used in the kitchen, the fluorine-mineral cryolite is an unavoidable raw material. In the process of cooking, acids and alkalis contained in the food corrode the metal and set its impurities free so as to contaminate the food.

Fluorine is a powerful insecticide, fungicide, and rodenticide, and has replaced arsenical preparations as a preservative added to canned food, fruit, juices, and so forth, since its use is not strictly regulated by law as that of arsenic is. We are thus in fact continually exposed to fluorine and caught in its trap, without being able to escape or to protect ourselves.

THE HARMFUL effect of fluorine will depend, amongst other factors, on the susceptibility of the person ingesting it, on the quantity ingested, and on the length of time during which it has been ingested. It is thus clear that it is not the concentration of fluorine in any one article of food or drink

which determines its toxic effect, but the sum total ingested in the course of the day. The margin between the tolerated quantity of the poison ingested and the quantity producing signs and symptoms of chronic fluorine poisoning is very narrow. The risk of transgressing the threshold of fluorine tolerance in the older generations, as well as in those chronically ill, suffering, for example, from kidney disease and unable sufficiently to excrete the poison, is a very real one.

Signs and symptoms of chronic fluorine poisoning having been shown to be capable of being produced by appreciable amounts of fluorine contaminating the average diet, it is undeniable that any addition, however slight, of the poison to the drinking water is bound to increase the risk and gravity of the disease.

To ascertain that the clinical findings obtained on man were in fact due to nothing but the action of fluorine, I carried out animal experiments at the Department of Physiology, Middlesex Hospital Medical School, London, England. Sodium fluoride, the substance proposed by the fluoridators to be added to the drinking water of this nation, was added to the drinking water of experimental rats. It was observed that, whereas in man the ingestion of a drinking water with a concentration as low as 1 p.p.m. is sufficient to produce mottling of the teeth, in my rats

mottling was produced by the ingestion of a water with a concentration of not less than between 60 and 100 p.p.m. of the poison. This means that man is between 60 and 100 times more sensitive to fluorine than rats are.

In the course of the experiments on rats several signs of poisoning developed which were identical with those clinically observed on man. The earliest amongst them was intense scratching, without any visible cause. Later on, deep sores developed on the skin in various parts of the body, accompanied by loss of hair. On the scalp a baldness occurred which was very similar in its distribution to the baldness seen in man. On replacing the fluoridated water by distilled water, which is free from fluorine, and on addition of calcium to the food, the sores healed promptly and there was a complete regrowth of hair over the denuded areas.

X-ray examination showed a diminished scrotal shadow, and the testicles degenerated to such a degree that they could be regarded as having to all intents and purposes disappeared altogether.

At autopsy, the thyroid gland was found to have undergone profound changes; it was enlarged and histological examination revealed a lesion similar to that observed in toxic goitre in man.

The kidneys were the organ showing advanced damage; under

the microscope they could not be distinguished from those seen in nephrosis in children.

Several investigators reported the development of gastric and duodenal ulcers in their experimental animals. I could find none in my rats, probably owing to the fact that I increased the concentration of fluorine in their drinking water slowly.

THE RESULTS obtained from the clinical examination on man and from the animal experiments were significant enough for me to try to find out whether they could be utilized in a practical manner for application in certain diseases of a hitherto obscure origin.

A man suffering from chronic inflammation of the kidneys (Bright's disease) in its terminal stage was submitted to treatment directed against chronic fluorine poisoning, after every other kind of treatment had failed. After four weeks' treatment he was restored to a useful life.

In another man, a gastric and duodenal ulcer, of which the former had the radiological appearance of malignant degeneration, were completely healed as a result of treatment directed against chronic fluorine poisoning. After 5 weeks, no trace of either of the two ulcers could be detected radiologically.

Children who since birth had been for several years afflicted with

severe eczema all over the body, for which no external treatment brought any relief, were after two or three months' treatment directed against chronic fluorine poisoning completely cured without any local applications.

Of two patients suffering from mental illness, which was complicated by the presence of pronounced brown discoloration of the skin characteristic of chronic fluorine poisoning, one was discharged from the mental hospital as completely cured from both the mental illness and the pigmentation of the skin after not more than 3 months' treatment directed against chronic fluorine poisoning; the other was considerably improved.

Moreover, in the course of my recent investigation of the effect produced by the long-continued ingestion of fluorine on the urinary system, chemical analysis of stones removed by operation from kidneys of patients living in New York City, whose drinking water is now practically fluorine-free, revealed the presence of variably large amounts of the poison up to 1790 p.p.m. derived from normal every-day diet.

THESE being the true facts emanating from a careful investigation, both clinical and experimental, their importance seems to warrant an equally careful checking and re-checking, so as either

to confirm or to deny them. Nothing of the sort has, however, been done by the advocates of compulsory fluoridation, who claim that they have only altruistic motives at heart, aiming at the elimination of dental decay. Instead, advocates persistently deny any knowledge of reports on harmful effects of increasing the sum total of fluorine ingested with numerous articles of daily food and drink by adding the poison to the drinking water. Some of them shun continued investigation by stating that "further experiments (on fluorine) are unnecessary."

In this connection, it would seem that their great haste to have communities approve fluoridation is certainly most remarkable.

While discrediting the work, both clinical and experimental, carried out by the opponents of fluoridation, they rely on their own admittedly deficient examination of children in a fluoridated area. In spite of warnings against such unreliable investigation, they adduce negative laboratory findings obtained on children as proof of the harmlessness of their project, oblivious of the fact that serious consequences of fluoridation will not, in all likelihood, become evident before the poison has been ingested over a period of some 25-30 years, too late to undo the harm. The increased occurrence of "mottled nails" amongst children in an experimentally fluoridated area, in

comparison with a control area in which no fluorine was added to the drinking water, indicates that, like "mottled teeth," they are the result of the absorption of increased amounts of fluorine into the general blood circulation; although this fact is admitted by those in control of the experiment at the top level, it is being hushed up by those at the lower levels and omitted from their talks and writings for popular consumption. It must, therefore, be concluded that their statements concerning the greatly reduced incidence of "mottled teeth" following fluoridation of the drinking water must be taken with "a grain of salt." Findings obtained by dental investigators opposing fluoridation on the ground the fluorine does not prevent, but only delays, the onset of dental decay by a few years and that the incidence becomes equalized after the calcification of the permanent teeth is completed at the age of 8 years, are simply ignored.

The fluoridators close their eyes and stop their ears to the grave objection that, in view of the widely varying quantities of water drunk individually at any time of the year at any one locality, and, more especially, in hot climates, the risk of transgressing the threshold of fluorine tolerance is a very real one. Nor will they recognize the risk arising from the fact that the amount of fluorine does not

diminish when water is boiled, with the result that a concentration of 1 p.p.m. of the poison turns into a much higher concentration.

Since fluorine is already present in our average normal food in quantities sufficient to produce chronic illness, it is obvious that any increase in the fluorine content is certain to be extremely dangerous.

AN ENLIGHTENED public opinion will have nothing whatsoever to do with, and will resist by all lawful means at its disposal, any attempt to force the nation to take a medicine which is neither desired nor required. Nor will the freedom-loving American citizen submit to an endeavor to have any kind of drug, however useful, deliberately added to the drinking water administered to him by those who are advocating compulsory mass medication, such as fluoridation undoubtedly represents. He rejects arguments put forward by those who have given him abundant reason for mistrust concerning the safeguarding of dental health. He does not forget that state dental directors and public health officers, the agents upon whose shoulders the administration of fluoridation rests, have accepted, without a single word of protest, instructions on how to persuade the nation into the false belief that fluoridation is completely safe and on how to advocate it

with the professed altruistic aim of eliminating dental decay in children. Obviously, the fluoridators have something to hide, when at the expense of the taxpayer, they employ every kind of propaganda, through which they uncritically endorse each other's opinion but silence or discredit valid findings obtained by the hard work of their opponents.

Apart from these constitutional and legal aspects of the matter, it is objected by some groups that fluoridation is a violation of their right to free exercise of religion, when they are forced to take any kind of medicine added to the drinking water or through any other medium.

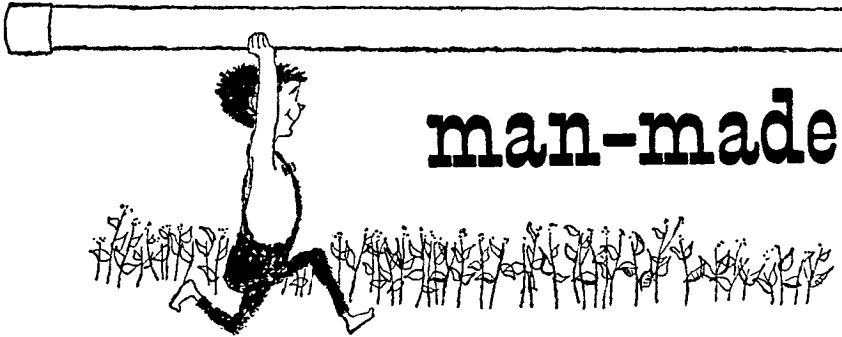
Others consider the heavy expenditure involved as a burden imposed on public funds, when it is proposed that the entire public water supply should be fluoridated for the alleged prevention of dental decay in children, although only one per cent of the water is used for drinking purposes, the remaining 99 per cent being used for industrial and other requirements.

Without conceding any merit whatever to fluoridation while the permanent teeth are forming up to 8 or 10 years of age, one naturally inquires as to what medical theory justifies this medication for 90 per cent of the population over 10 years of age. Of course, there are the moral and legal objections as to compulsory medication even if

beneficial. As to adults, many sick, infirm, with permanent teeth or having false teeth, it is not supportable on any theory.

IT WOULD, for all these reasons, appear more logical to give children up to the age of 8 years, whose parents so desired, the amount of fluorine claimed to prevent dental decay in media other than through the drinking water, on a prescription from, and under the supervision of, their attending physician or dentist. The advantage of this method of application seems to be so obvious that its rejection suggests the influence of vested interests.

In this connection, it is pertinent to point out that in the process of manufacture of the metal aluminum fluorides derived from the cryolite unavoidably employed emerge as a waste product, which up to a few years ago was not wanted by anybody, even if given away for nothing. It used to be thrown into the sea and into rivers, with the result that the fish died. The discovery that traces of fluorine were capable of delaying by a few years (though not preventing) the onset of dental decay in children pointed out to the aluminum and chemical industries a lucrative way of making use of the waste product. This is rather like an invitation to mankind to dig its own grave and pay for the privilege.



man-made

FOR HUNDREDS of years the American farmer has planted his corn, cotton and spinach and depended on a bountiful nature to keep them watered. All too often nature has let him down. He has been left with scorched fields, withered crops and a note to be renewed at the bank. But the time is approaching when drought-ridden growers will no longer have to depend on rain clouds to spill out their moisture on a thirsty vegetation.

Thousands already are turning on their own rain when they need it and turning it off when they have had enough. It's a new development called "portable irrigation," made possible by the invention of aluminum pipe. All the land owner needs in order to get this pushbutton rain when he wants it is a good supply of water, a pump, motor and enough aluminum pipe.

The source of water may be a river, lake, creek, spring or well.

Just hook up the pumping system and the aluminum pipe will carry this water to where it ought to be. A set of sprinkler heads will distribute it in a rain-like shower over one to four acres at a time. Sprinkler heads and pipe are moved as additional acreage is to be refreshed. This form of irrigation is available to every farmer, regardless of how hilly or rough his land may be, if he has a sufficient supply of water around.

"Snooky" Uhlian has a farm bordering the Cumberland River near Nashville. His 90 acres of bottom land has been in the Uhlian family for a half century or more. Snooky is the third generation to sell roasting ears and turnip greens from it. Up to six or seven years ago there were dry years in which the crops were almost a total failure. There have been three successive years of disastrous droughts since then, but not disastrous to Snooky. During those three dry years he sold around \$20,000 worth

rain

by Ross L. Holman



of crops a year when most other farmers around him had practically nothing of any kind to offer. The \$12,000 he invested in his man-made rainpower seven years ago more than paid for itself in each of the dry years since. It consists of a pump and motor on the bank of the Cumberland, a few hundred feet of eight-inch main line aluminum pipe, a few more hundred feet of 6-inch lateral pipe, and a volume gun that slings water in a complete two-acre circle at a setting. He waters about ten acres each day through the late afternoon and night. His corn retains that healthy dark green color when unirrigated crops roundabout are drying to a crisp.

SOMEONE may ask, why didn't somebody think of this method of watering crops before? Answer: there was no aluminum pipe. The conventional steel pipe was simply too heavy and too expensive to move around over a large acreage

for watering an acre or so at a setting. One man easily can pick up a 20-foot length of six-inch aluminum pipe and walk off with it.

The limiting factor in the use of man-motivated rain is the amount of water available.

One farmer I knew had 200 acres through which a creek flowed. The irrigation dealer who engineered his farm told him he could depend on only enough water to adequately cover ten acres. So he bought a \$2500 system, put that ten acres in tobacco, kept it well watered, and made \$1,000 an acre. Tobacco, being his chief money crop, always had been about two-thirds his gross income.

Another 100-acre farmer who grew five acres of tomatoes, cantaloupes and greens, used the remainder of his 100 acres for dairying. He built an irrigation reservoir. It was replenished by run-off rainy season water from surrounding high ground. He watered only

the five-acre truck patch. He sold \$12,000 worth of irrigated tomatoes and cantaloupes the first year at a high price.

The first cost of a portable irrigation system usually runs from \$1,000 to \$20,000 or more, depending on the amount of acreage to be watered and other factors. These portable outfits are making such a big difference on the farms where they are installed that their use is spreading like measles.

In nearly every state on farms where there is enough water to farm at all, the idea is taking hold. State extension departments are promoting it. In many places it is easier for a farmer to get money from a bank to install portable irrigation than for any other short term need.

Until recently the only kind of irrigation used to any extent was the flood type. The watered land has to be level and water carried through it by means of canals, furrows and dikes. It is used on only three percent of America's tillable ground. Yet this three percent has produced one-fourth of the nation's products. Many of our best authorities say that 20 times that much land can be sprinkler-irrigated. It will remove forever the biggest gamble that the farmer faces and save him many whole years of almost total crop loss.

Many farmers already have enough available water to put their entire farms under portable irri-

gation, if necessary. One farmer who specializes in hybrid seed corn at \$10 a bushel lost his entire 1953 crop as a result of a drought. Although the 1954 drought was more severe he produced \$75,000 worth of corn from 100 acres. He had installed an irrigation outfit tied to an adjoining river.

It is well to emphasize that no farmer anywhere should buy an irrigation system until his farm is engineered for it by a trained technician. This determines the kind of system he needs and how it should be set up. Without this technical assistance he may lose both his shirt and pants.

Even in normal rainfall years there are nearly always enough short dry spells in which crop production can be boosted by artificial rain at the right time. Authorities tell us that in Mississippi, a state which averages 50 inches of natural rain a year, drought has had a retarding effect on crop production in 39 out of 41 years.

DEPARTMENT of Interior officials say we have a lot more water resources than we realize. We get a superabundance of sky water in frequent heavy rain and flood seasons, but it runs off to sea. We are learning ways to store this moisture and ration it out through the growing season as needed. Small creeks are being dammed and lakes created so that a farmer can accumulate the water both during

flood and normal flow season. Irrigation authorities say that, on the average, a farm needs a replenishing flow of $7\frac{1}{2}$ gallons per minute per acre to maintain a supply at the same level.

D. S. Mitchell, Chief of the Bureau of Reclamation and Water Division, says that every section of the country can now use irrigation some time during almost every year. John Bird, former associate editor of *Better Farming Magazine*, says that over 50 million acres could be watered from existing or easily developed sources, as compared with 3 million acres already being artificially watered in humid areas.

Engineers say that water from the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri and

other large rivers could be pumped into huge reservoirs spotted at strategic spots, even long distances away. Think how much water these huge streams carry off to the sea during flood seasons.

Many scientists are dreaming of a cheap process of desalting ocean water and piping its superabundance to vast areas of our country. They have already reduced the cost of desalting to an unbelievably low mark. They believe it is only a question of time when they can make it virtually as cheap as fresh water for irrigation.

In the meantime, seven times as much of our fresh water supply is going to waste as is being used. Our most immediate need is to salvage this great asset.

Wake Up, Americans!

Our pawnbroker bankers said the mounting debt didn't mean anything since we were lending the money to ourselves so nobody lost anything. We're all American taxpayers, aren't we?

In December, 1933, President Roosevelt assumed the role of financial genius. The debt of the United States of America was \$22.5 billion. F. D. R. cheerily said we were going to balance the budget and cut down the debt to save interest payments.

Year by year we got the same promise of balancing but the budget was never balanced. At the end of his second term it had soared to \$43 billion. (We were still at peace in those days.) At the end of his third term it had jumped more than \$200 billion. Giveaway to foreigners and to Socialist-Communist governments for lend-lease (never repaid) took a lot of that dough, pushing it to \$258.25 billion.

And true to form, we now have another promise on New Year's Eve of a balanced budget—next year. Only aroused citizens can save us.



56 MINUTES BEFORE

*Failure of a certain colonel to install radar units, as ordered,
prevented warning of the attack*

MY TASK was to investigate the 56 minutes of warning we had of the Jap air attack on Pearl Harbor, Dec. 7, 1941. What I learned amazed me. I reported every detail to the Assistant Chief Signal Officer—specifically, Maj. Gen. James A. Code.

Now, nearly seventeen years later, I can tell that story. The facts, incredible as they are, became a part of my history of the U.S. Signal Corps in World War II. To most Americans who know merely that we had some radar warning of the sneak Jap attack on that "Day of Infamy", the history of those 56 minutes will come as a shock.

Radar could, and did, detect the approach of the Jap air fleet. But not, of course, as it should have been detected, and not as it would have been detected if authorized radar equipment had been installed. Actually, the island of Oahu was to have been ringed with permanent radar-warning installations. It was not. As early as November of the year before, the Corps of Engineers was directed to install six permanent radar-warning sets to be operating around the clock beginning July 1, 1941.

These sets were not installed by July 1. They were not installed by December 1, nor by December 7.



★ PEARL HARBOR

by Hugh Russell Fraser

Four mobile radar warning units, mounted in trucks, were provided in their place. Regarded generally by the men assigned to them as toys to experiment with, they were in operation only from 4 A.M. to 7 A.M. Why were these hours chosen? Probably it was because those were the three hours out of the 24 when the enemy—any enemy—was most likely to attack. If this was the theory, then it came very close to being 100 percent right!

The Opana mobile radar set,

The author, Hugh Russell Fraser, was assigned to investigate the events before the dreadful attack on Pearl Harbor. Here is what he learned.

manned by Privates Joseph Lockard and George Elliott, was the one that detected the approach of the Jap air armada. Singularly

enough, it was supposed to be shut down promptly at seven o'clock on the morning of December 7, but by one of those fortunate accidents of history, the truck coming at that time to take

the two men back to base camp and to breakfast was late. So Lockard and Elliott decided to leave the set on until it arrived.

Thus, after 7 A.M., the Opana

unit was the only radar unit on the island operating. The other mobile sets, also mounted in trucks, had shut down promptly. One was located at Punaluu on Kahana Bay, 20 miles to the south-east; another on the extreme west side of the island near Makua, and the fourth near Waipahu on the southwest coast, 11 miles west of Pearl Harbor itself.

The Opana unit, which made history, was located about 22 miles due north of Pearl Harbor and about 28 miles northwest of the city of Honolulu. In other words, it was north of the mountains on the island of Oahu, which itself is about 43 miles long and 30 miles wide.

AS THE seconds after seven o'clock ticked off, Lockard—who kept his eye idly on the machine, noted nothing unusual until, suddenly, at 7:02 A.M., there appeared what he later described as “huge blip of light—bigger than anything I had ever seen before on the set—moving slowly from the extreme left side of the scope to the right. It was, you might call it, a pillar of light. It startled me, for the flight one plane is represented by a mere dot, several planes a collection of white dots, but here was something different. The whole left side of the scope suddenly took on light!

“My natural reaction,” he continued, “was to infer the radar

unit was out of order. So I asked the mechanic, Elliott, to check it. He did so in a couple of minutes and reported it was working all right. By then it was 7:04 A.M. Something unusual, I knew, was before my eyes. Elliott thought so, too, although neither of us could imagine what it might be.

“Quickly we plotted it. The calculations were easily made, and it appeared to be definitely a large flight of planes approaching from due North, three points East, and about 137 miles away.

“We looked at each other, and Elliott was the first to reach for the phone. At first he couldn't get anybody at the Army Information Center at Fort Shafter. The line was dead. Then he tried another line. It was open and soon Private Joseph McDonald at the switchboard answered. Tersely, Elliott told him what we were seeing on the scope. McDonald's answer was: ‘Well, what do you expect me to do about it? There's nobody around here but me.’ Elliott told him to find somebody and then hung up.

“What happened, I learned later, was that there was an officer reading a book in the next room. McDonald had supposed he had gone. He was Lt. Kermit Tyler. McDonald told him what Elliott had reported. Lieutenant Tyler looked up from his book, thought awhile as if to take it all in, then said: ‘It's all right, never mind.’

"Joe McDonald then called back and I answered the phone. He told me what Tyler had said. I thereupon insisted on talking to the officer myself. I was a little excited and puzzled and didn't want to let the matter end with McDonald. Joe then asked the lieutenant if he would be good enough to talk to me. The officer then came on the phone and said, 'What is it?'"

"I made my reply as brief as possible. 'The scope,' I said, 'indicates a large flight of planes approaching Oahu from due North, three points East, about 137 miles away at the last reckoning.'

"There was a pause for a few seconds, then Tyler said, 'That is probably our B-17's coming in from San Francisco.' I knew there was such a flight coming in, but I knew also those planes would hardly be approaching us from due North.

"At once I made this point clear, and he replied, 'Well, there is nothing to worry about. That is all.' The last words he said with some emphasis and I judged he didn't want to hear anything further about it, so I said: 'All right, sir,' and hung up.

"Meanwhile, somewhat startled by the whole business, although not alarmed, as now the matter was out of my hands, I continued to watch the set. The pillar of light, or 'blip,' as I call it, continued to move steadily from left to right and the truck still had not

arrived. At 7:25 A.M. we made a quick computation and the flight of planes, whatever it consisted of, was 62 miles out. At 7:39 A.M., just as we heard the truck arriving outside, I made my last computation, and the flight was 22 miles away!

"It was at 7:39 A.M. that we closed down the radar unit and climbed into the truck for the long ride back to base. I was still turning over in my mind what we had seen on the scope as the truck bounced over the badly rutted road. I said nothing to the driver about it, nor did Elliott—not because we were alarmed but because I knew that what didn't make sense to us would hardly make sense to him.

AFTER we had been driving about twenty minutes, the driver called our attention to a heavy black pall of smoke that lay on the Pearl Harbor horizon to the South. 'Looks like oil smoke,' he commented. Soon we were hearing what sounded like explosions and even anti-aircraft fire. It was all very puzzling, and somebody suggested it was a practice raid on Pearl Harbor.

"However, on we went over the rugged road. Actually, it was only twenty miles back to base camp, but because of the road it took almost forty minutes. As we hove into view of the camp and the truck slowed down, we saw a lot

of soldiers running towards us, shouting questions the words of which I couldn't quite at first make out. Finally, it was plain they were asking 'What happened?' 'Did you report it?' and the like. I never saw a camp so collectively excited.

"As we started to get out of the truck, a major came elbowing his way through the group of men surrounding us and said, sharply, to us: 'Shut up! Don't say a word! I'll talk to you.'

"With that he took us off to his office and questioned us for fifteen minutes. It was not until then I realized the Japs were at that very moment attacking Pearl Harbor, and that what we had seen on the screen was the Jap air fleet approaching.

"Now, as I look back, the position of the flight, the vast number of planes, made sense. I learned later the enemy aircraft carriers had sailed far to the North so that when the planes took the air they would be coming in from an unexpected direction."

Lockard at one point told me that except for the brief questioning by the major on the island of Oahu on the morning of December 7, 1941, I was the first to interrogate him in detail as to those 56 minutes—namely from 7:04 A.M. when Elliott reported the set was not out of order, to the time the first bomb fell on Pearl Harbor.

THE TRACING of the history of these 56 minutes, however, led me into a further investigation of why the permanent radar sets had not been installed on the island of Oahu by July 1. Here I ran into a curious and amazing story which I tried in vain to have the Congressional Investigating Committee explore.

My investigation disclosed that the colonel in the Corps of Engineers, who was charged with the duty of having these permanent radar sets installed and operated around the clock by July 1, 1941, had spent most of his time in the summer of 1941 drinking. His entire record demonstrates incredible negligence of duty. Not only did he fall down on his job, but the toll in lives and ships that we had to pay for his failure was heartbreaking.

I tried to bring my evidence before the committee. To that end I prepared a long memorandum, setting forth the facts as I saw them. I requested that this colonel be summoned and be cross-examined under oath.

To my surprise, the Democratic members of the committee, whom I knew personally and regarded highly, handled my request—made in my capacity as a citizen—as if it was a "hot potato." They not only refused to act on it in any way, or request that he be summoned, but they told me in essence "to forget it!"

Amazed that members of my own party would take this view, I turned to the Republicans. I knew only one personally. He was Representative "Bud" Gearhart of California. Mr. Gearhart read my memorandum carefully and promised to do his best to get the colonel summoned. Later he reported back he had failed, but he had tried his best.

"Why won't they go into the question of the radar units?", I asked. "Surely, you know their importance!"

"Yes," he said, "of course. My

opinion is that somebody failed and failed terribly, but I ran up against a stone wall. The chairman flatly refused me, and when I asked one of my Democratic friends what was the real reason for what I thought, and still think, was an obvious run-around, he said, 'Look, Bud, you can do what you please and maybe you can get somewhere, but don't forget I'm a Democrat and a loyal one, and I take my orders from my Commander-in-Chief, and my Commander-in-Chief happens to be President of the United States!'"

John K. Emmerson

What would happen to any officer in the United States military or intelligence service if he were found to be guilty of "serious carelessness" in the handling of highly classified material—especially if that "carelessness" were practiced in an American Embassy, such as the one in Moscow, and if that "carelessness" might have compromised and jeopardized the lives of American agents? You know that he would be fired—or worse!

Do you know that John K. Emmerson was guilty of such a violation and was found by an official administrative board to be guilty? Instead of being fired, Emmerson was promoted and subsequently held such crucial posts in Karachi (our No. 3 Post); he was then liaison officer to the Pentagon during the Korean War, and still later was Counsellor of the United States Embassy at Beirut (Lebanon), in the critical Middle East area.

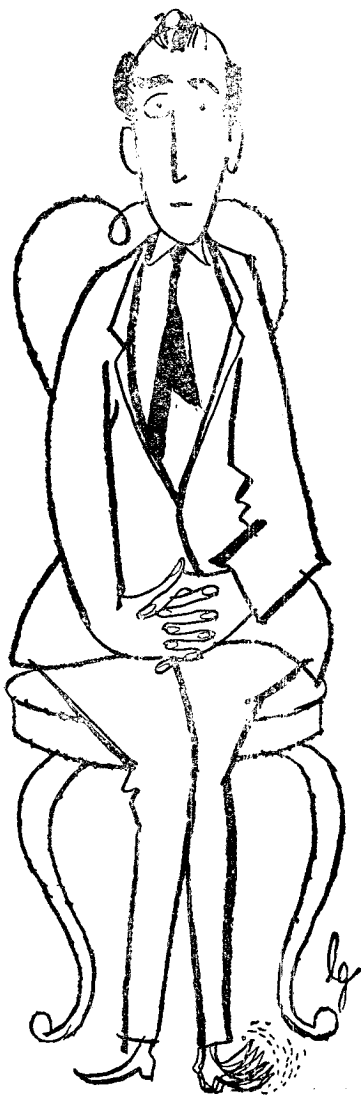
To show you further the incompetency of the State Department, we cite that, in 1954, it gave Emmerson a "Meritorious Service Award."

Emmerson also had some mysterious conversations with Herbert Norman shortly before Norman's "alleged" suicide.

WHY ARE YOU *Nervous?*

by Robert J. Needles, M.D.

A doctor describes the nature of nervousness and presents the way that you can be helped



ALL OF US, at some time in our lives, must inevitably discover that our bodies are not immortal. And all of us, at some time, will be tricked by our bodies into a premature conviction of approaching doom. We meet here on common ground, for the emotional torment of life spares no person. Our subject is nervousness. Our material is the human race. We discuss here, in truth, the universal ailment. Everyone is nervous, though not all at once (a fortunate thing); in different degrees (a sad rejection of equality) and for different reasons (because people are different).

Now we are not psychiatrists, nor yet (I believe) patients of a psychiatrist. You may have noted that we do look to be a nervous lot. And so we are. And, since we, and you, are nervous we may speak freely. We may speculate about your troubles, and also our own.

The fact is that everyone has the same symptoms. Some have more of one symptom than another. But in this field nothing is either new,

or unique, or reserved for one person alone. Here is where that misery which loves company has no lack of company.

Nervousness has a curious fascination for some people, and it stimulates curious and fascinating opinions. Nervous troubles seem unreasonable and unjust, and they generate much unreasonable and unjustified advice. Such advice, as dogmatic as it is superficial, is freely offered to everyone by everyone. Assured and eager friends, having skipped through Freud, or Havelock-Ellis or Kinsey, are too quick on the trigger. They squint with morbid expectancy into the dark complexities of the human mind, finding shadowy hints and false clues in goodly numbers. Let them study this area between ghost and reality if they will, but they should be careful. A person convinced that he is not long for this world is oddly unreceptive to the suggestion that he is merely coming unglued.

The fact is that the longer a symptom exists the less likely is it to be evidence of impending disaster. But optimism diminishes as the trouble continues. What should be proof of annoying innocence may become a firm conviction that no one really understands. Macaulay described such a person:

"Light from Heaven reached him refracted, dulled and discolored by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul. It was suf-

ficiently clear to guide him but too dim to cheer him."

Quite a few of our patients feel that we do not comprehend their suffering. It is unfortunate, they suggest, that the doctor has not himself been, if only once, in their unhappy predicament. There is some justice in this idea. An orthopedist with backache is a pitiable thing. The anguish of a surgeon about to undergo surgery is quite beyond description. And the ultimate would be a one-armed allergist with hives. Nonetheless, having an illness does make one understand it better. In some cases, and I only state the facts, it would be inconvenient (frequently a biological error) for us to entertain all the ailments we treat. We do gain by secondary observation, though the ultimate lesson is delayed.

IN NERVOUSNESS, however, we claim a difference, because symptoms of nervous origin are in all of us. But no one need be ashamed to admit these things. Everyone is at some time the target of his own rebellious nervous system. No one is satisfied with himself as he is, and if one of your friends denies this you had best, as old Dr. Johnson said, "Count the spoons when he leaves."

THE NATURE OF THE TROUBLES

All symptoms are manifestations of revolt: Revolt against bacteria,

or cancer, a postnasal drip or an overdose of sunshine (or moonshine). Revolt is also induced by the growing complexity of our lives, by a network of rules and regulations conceived by others. Men are not alike, nor do they wish to be if the suggested uniformity is a flattening.

Ancient people bored holes in the skull to release demons. We seem to think that everyone who is different has holes in his head. But unventilated spaces are stale, and wide open spaces are full of windy confusion. We should not be afraid to ventilate our minds, nor should we be ashamed to close the windows when there are demons abroad.

We do not invent our troubles. A child who is, he maintains, too sick to go to school is not putting on a conscious act of crafty evasion. He recovers,—a recurrent miracle,—as soon as he is granted reprieve; but this is not proof of falsehood. It is proof that anxiety, even concerning a childish conflict, can be relieved by removal of the threat. Parents who incline to punish such non-contemplative little affairs should pause for reflection. When last did they evade a disagreeable event because they had awakened that morning feeling tired and sick all over? Symptoms are, in almost every case, not only real but they are developed without our conscious participation. Tension, stress and worry all have their causes,

but we frequently ignore the cause. The symptom is clear and now—the source may be obscure and dispersed over countless yesterdays.

WHY NERVES CAUSE SICKNESS

No smallest part of the body is isolated from the brain. When headquarters is full of perplexity, bodily outposts are immobilized by neglect or distracted by frantic alarms. Holding one's breath when frightened, or moist palms, or fidgeting while watching a prize fight are common examples. Blushing, peculiar to man, is not under conscious control. The dry mouth (which plagues all speakers) suggests that no one can be separated from his nervous system. The cause of indigestion may not be cancer, but a sweetly tyrannical, righteously demanding spouse. In fact, possession of symptoms based on nervous tension may be our only valid proof of the existence of our membership in the human race. There seems little that we can do about this affiliation.

THE INFINITE variations in man's endowment—his size, his strength, courage, intelligence and physical appearance—are not alone responsible. To this various creature is added his total life experience. We live among people and also within ourselves. Children are born unmoral savages. To them is applied veneer which is neither even in texture nor of uniform ex-

cellence. So differ we do, and as we differ, so do our troubles. More important is our difference in ability to handle trouble.

When we have been assured, perhaps several times, on the basis of considered and informed medical study, that we suffer but are not about to die, we have a chance to demonstrate our human characteristics. Not everyone will accept such an explanation, nor understand. But sooner or later, if he is to avoid a life without happiness, (which is his privilege) the nervous person must surrender. He must admit the possibility, not that he imagines his troubles, but that they may not be proof of bodily disintegration. This is the first step to relief. Without a willing patient no doctor can help very much. For a patient who has admitted that his nerves may be an unrecognized fifth column, much can be done. The surrender may be postponed by vitamin shots or patent medicines, or even by having one's neck snapped. These are delaying maneuvers which postpone the inevitable day of recognition. They may also make relief more difficult, by seeming to confirm the patient's own gloomy conclusions.

THE IMPACT OF LIFE

In our day split-level houses share headlines with split-level people. Appreciation of wisdom as old as the race is neglected. It is implied that since man can improve

and mass-produce machines, he should so be able to improve and mass-produce people. But though man invented machines, he did not invent man. And if the leviathan state is to change man into something else, what is he to be like? Who plans for this man? Who decides what he is to be like? What substitutes are to be used for compassion, honesty, character and humility? A synthetic conscience is for synthetic things. Public pity makes private lives into public property. If we atomize the responsibilities of life we also atomize our personal control over our own lives. Nervousness is promoted by bewilderment. Emotional tensions result from fear. Fear becomes panic when we can no longer make our own decisions. Divine wisdom gave man, of all the animals, the freedom to choose. Slaves are those whose choices are made by others.

TOO FREQUENTLY against impalpable threats we can only raise a trembling arm. We search, in the spirit of the times, for a clean, easy and painless miracle. But we were not born yesterday, even though our machines were. Spiritual man needs more than a new car, or a larger mortgage, to satisfy his inner being. Deep within the human breast, every human breast, is an inner wisdom which we ignore at our peril. The tranquility we seek in pills may be available, at lower cost, by finding a legal or moral

outlet for our nervous energy. If we do not use the pressure within us to turn wheels, the wheels in our head may spin too fast. We substitute falsely when we attempt to diminish the virtues of work. If we cannot dig in the garden, we may pick the thoughts of men who write books. If we cannot read, we may listen to music. If we dislike music, we may fish. If we hate fishing, perhaps we can admire the stars—of which there seem to be enough to keep us busy for some time. Now, I am not wise enough to tell you what to do. This is your choice, but almost everyone is wise enough to do something. If you care not to tackle the composition of a symphony, or even a poem, perhaps you could carve a bit of wood into a graceful silhouette. The point is, and let us admit it, there is something that you can do, and if you will, as you do the something that you can do, then

your tensions will be neutralized. The unbought grace of life is not reserved for a few. Peace of mind is available, without a price tag, although it is priceless. It will be necessary for you to make the first move.

There is great wisdom in the thoughts of our ancestors. One of my favorite medical ancestors is Sir Thomas Browne who said, in 1643:

“When I seem to be solitary, suffering and abandoned, I remember that I am not alone; nor do I forget to contemplate Him and His attributes, His wisdom and His eternity. With wisdom I review my problems, but eternity confounds my understanding. The world is inhabited by beasts which are to be studied and contemplated by man.”

If man is not allowed to decide, for himself, how he is to live, he will not escape “anxiety in his grave.”

Puzzled Pet

On arriving home from school, six-year-old Robert went into the backyard to see his pet rabbit. He grabbed the little animal by the ears, tapped him gently, and bellowed out “two and two.” This ritual went on until his mother came out.

Observing her son’s actions, she asked the reason for his peculiar behavior.

“Well,” the youngster replied, pushing the pet aside, “Teacher told us today that rabbits multiply rapidly, but this dumb bunny can’t even add!”

—MRS. RITA MCKAIN

*Post Office Banking
is costing you money*

Postal Savings Aren't Practical

by Congressman Fred Marshall

and

Jerry Eller

WHY do over 2,000,000 Americans deposit their savings in the outmoded Postal Savings System when they lose millions of dollars in interest every year?

Why should the taxpayers pay a "profit" to the Post Office Department through the United States Treasury to keep this antiquated banking system in operation?

These are questions that the Congress of the United States must face this year in considering if the government should continue the Postal Savings System in competition with commercial savings facilities and the savings bond program of the Treasury Department.

Remaining as another relic of the horse-and-buggy days, the Postal Savings System is a banking operation of the government born after the panic of 1907 and living on in 1957 mostly through neglect and inertia. Its lifetime pa-

per profit of \$390,000,000 represents almost that much of a loss to the taxpayer because the profit was largely paid by the United States Treasury, a wholly-owned subsidiary of the American taxpayer.

Over 2,000,000 depositors, knowingly or unknowingly, are also losing more millions each year by keeping \$1,765,000,000 of their money at the post office for two percent interest when other government and private savings programs are paying three percent and more.

For 40 years before the panic of 1907, the idea of postal savings banks was debated in the Congress of the United States. The United States was the only great power in the world which did not provide banking facilities with its mail service. Great Britain, Belgium, Japan, Italy, Netherlands, France, Austria, Sweden, Finland, and

Russia had all inaugurated postal savings systems; Germany had provided municipal savings banks. Even Hawaii had a postal savings bank which had to be discontinued when we annexed the territory in 1898.

The post-panic period in the United States witnessed a general lack of confidence in the banking system and the banks began to lose confidence in each other. Both the Democratic and Republican platforms of 1908 called for a postal savings bank system, though the Democratic platform expressed a preference for a federal guaranty of bank deposits. This was to materialize 25 years later in the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation authorized by the Federal Reserve Act of 1933.

WHILE the Postal Savings Depository Act of 1910 is silent on the purposes of the bill, records of the second session of the 61st Congress clearly indicate a twofold intent: (1) to provide a secure depository for those who distrusted the banks, and (2) to encourage small savings accounts among lower-income groups not served by banks. There was no doubt that a great many recent immigrants who were accustomed to postal savings systems in their homelands looked with suspicion on commercial banks. Some, in fact, hoarded their cash and mailed it to their native land for deposit in the postal sys-

tem. The heavier concentration of banking facilities in the metropolitan areas of the East also made postal savings depositories a welcome convenience in the great rural areas of the South and West. Banks could not afford to serve these areas and few quarreled with the laudable purpose of encouraging thrift by more readily available facilities.

Senator Thomas H. Carter, a Republican from Montana and author of the bill, said banks would not suffer from competition since most depositors would be "children and shy adults who were overawed by the opulence and splendor of banking institutions," and other people who would be "from the standpoint of the commercial bank undesirable patrons." He also predicted that when the dollar here and dollar there deposited at the post office grew to a hundred dollars, the depositor would transfer it to the bank where interest rates were more attractive.

The interest rate of two percent established for the Postal Savings System was only slightly more than one-half of that paid by banks on savings deposits. This rate has remained constant for the past 47 years.

Today it is again impressively lower than that paid on savings deposits or on government savings bonds. The Postal Savings Act has been amended a dozen

times over the years and the regulations have changed, but the interest rate has remained the same.

A Board of Trustees consisting of the Postmaster General, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Attorney General, governs the system. The board no longer meets in formal session, nor are minutes kept of deliberations or actions. The Assistant Postmaster General in charge of finances acts as agent for the board. While the system lists expenses in the annual report of profits made, the law provides that salaries and expenses are paid out of annual appropriations made to the postal establishment for the mail service.

When deposits are made at any of the 7,662 post offices still designated as depositories, certificates in varying denominations from \$5 to \$2,500, equivalent to the amount of money deposited, are given to the patrons.

The certificates draw interest only after one year and deposits to one account are limited to \$2,500. It has been found that about one-fourth of the certificates are held less than 60 days, making paperwork without benefit to either the depositor or the Postal Savings System.

THE SYSTEM proved its value in the periods of panic and depression; deposits even reached a peak of \$3,393,000,000 in 1947, after a period of artificially low inter-

est rates. After ten years of more lucrative interest rates on almost all other savings, over 2,000,000 Americans still have \$1,765,469,846 on deposit at their post offices, an average of \$711.30 per person. The financial loss they suffer by clinging to this outmoded method of saving is readily apparent at a time when most banks and savings institutions return three percent. U.S. Savings Bonds held to maturity now return $3\frac{1}{4}$ percent. In April the President authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to pay this interest.

Not only do these depositors lose income but they share in the tax burden which pays the paper profit the Post Office Department reports each year. While the law permits postmasters to deposit funds in local banks at $2\frac{1}{2}$ percent interest, relatively few banks are willing to accept deposits and then only token amounts for advertising purposes. They rely upon the aura of security surrounding postal savings to convince other patrons of the safety of their deposits. The folly of the system is here again demonstrated because the postmaster takes your money with a promise to pay two percent interest and then deposits it in the bank across the street for $2\frac{1}{2}$ percent.

The great bulk of deposits, however, are invested in bonds or other securities of the United States. Over \$1,741,000,000 are now invested in Treasury bonds and

notes while less than \$30,000,000 are deposited in banks. The Board of Trustees thus reports a profit of \$12,973,376 for 1956, though one-half of that amount represents post office operating expenses which can be attributed to the system. Allowing for these system costs paid out of regular appropriations, the Department still reports a net profit of \$216,749,838 since 1910.

Where does most of the profit come from? From the United States Treasury and the pockets of American taxpayers. The difference between the two percent interest paid to the depositor and the average of 2.6 percent obtained from the Treasury Department is considered profit for the Post Office Department. To put it more simply, one agency of government collects interest from another agency of government—and the taxpayer pays.

WHY do depositors continue to penalize themselves when a walk across the street or a stop at the savings bond window in their post office would appreciably increase the return on their savings? Some undoubtedly are haunted by memories of 1907 or the 30's with bank closings and economic catastrophe. This, despite the fact that the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation now affords all of the security the United States government is able to give the Postal Savings System. Other accounts re-

main open by sheer inertia; the amounts appear relatively small and the slight trouble of transferring them is postponed, or they are possibly even forgotten. Just last year, 9,532 accounts aggregating \$214,043 were transferred to Washington because they had been inactive for over 20 years. In all, some 47,678 Americans have unclaimed accounts in the amount of \$783,595 being held as a liability with accrued interest by the Division of Postal Savings.

Convenience is not the answer. An overwhelming 98 percent of the deposits are made at first and second class post offices in the larger cities and towns which have adequate savings facilities. Less than one-fiftieth of one percent are made at fourth class post offices in sparsely populated areas. Only 44 of the country's 14,185 fourth class offices have accounts and 17 of these have fewer than 10 depositors. The city by city list issued each year by the Postmaster General shows most of the deposits concentrated in our largest cities. The expansion of the banking system and the improvement of transportation have made convenience a ridiculous argument. It almost appears that the city slickers are outslicking themselves while their country cousins put their money to more productive use.

It is true that both the number of depositories and the number of depositors are declining each year

at an accelerated rate. Last year, for example, depositors decreased by 229,084, or about 8.5 percent. Left unattended, the system will die in time, but only after it has cost the taxpayers additional millions of dollars for a needless government activity lingering on long after its purpose has been served.

This fact concerns the Post Office Department and when agreeing to ending the system, Department spokesmen stated before Congress that the rapid decline in depositors would result in revenue (even the paper profit) dropping below the actual cost of offering the service by 1960.

I first became interested in the Postal Savings System several years ago when I noticed a growing line of patrons at a post office wait while the clerk pored over the regulations when a depositor presented his certificate for renewal.

The line of small town businessmen mailing packages and housewives buying stamps grew as the clerk figured the interest on the deposit. The normal business of the post office was at a standstill while the clerk engaged in the banking business, a business in which he was understandably not well versed. How many times this happens in post offices over the nation, we can only speculate. But it is significant enough to be another consideration in getting out of this losing operation.

It is not only another example

of government competition with the business community, but it is an example of government in competition with government. The same division of the Post Office Department which manages the banking system also sells savings bonds at a higher rate of interest.

The facts have been apparent for some time. In 1952, the Comptroller General of the United States suggested that Congress should consider whether the federal government ought to operate this type of program in competition with private banking and savings facilities and with the United States Savings Bond program of the Treasury Department.

In May, 1955, the report on Business Enterprise of the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government (Hoover Commission) recommended that this costly service be discontinued.

FOR THE past decade, several members of Congress have introduced and re-introduced bills to provide for orderly termination and liquidation of the Postal Savings System. We were met in some cases with disinterest; in others, with political caution when lists of the depositors by county or state were supplied. Two million people still include a lot of voters, whatever their reason may be for taking a financial loss in the antiquated savings system. The Post

Office Department, for a time, was reluctant to give up the paper profit which helps to make the gigantic postal deficit look smaller by a decimal point or two. There is still *opposition from some groups which mistakenly fear it might be the end of jobs at some post offices, even though the Post Office Department has said unequivocally that it will need any men released from savings system chores just to keep up with the growing mail business.

This year, it seems that bills in the House and Senate to end the

system are receiving more sympathetic consideration. The House Committee on Post Office and Civil Service has already taken testimony from members of Congress and representatives of the Post Office Department, Treasury Department, and Comptroller General's office recommending that action be taken by this Congress.

Efficiency and economy demand that this once useful service of the government give way to the proper business of the Post Office Department—getting the mail out on time.

Remember the Five-Cent Telephone Call?

Remember the five-cent telephone call?

It has followed the nickel cigar, hot dog and trolley fare into oblivion.

But it might be consoling to know that about a half-century before a local pay station call cost a dime just as it does now. In Chicago the ten-cent telephone call dates back to 1894 when the first pay phones, called "dime automatics," were installed.

Some of the early coin-drop phones are preserved in the Illinois Bell Telephone Company's historical museum, along with about 600 other items ranging from magnetos to switchboards.

One of the first pay phones consisted of a coin box attached to a wall next to the wall crank phone of that era. Later a wooden phone-coin box outfit that stood about six feet high on the wall was used. Callers could drop any coin from a nickel to a silver dollar into designated slots on the lower half of the outfit. For each denomination there was a different tone—a gong or bell. The tone for a quarter sounded just as it does today.

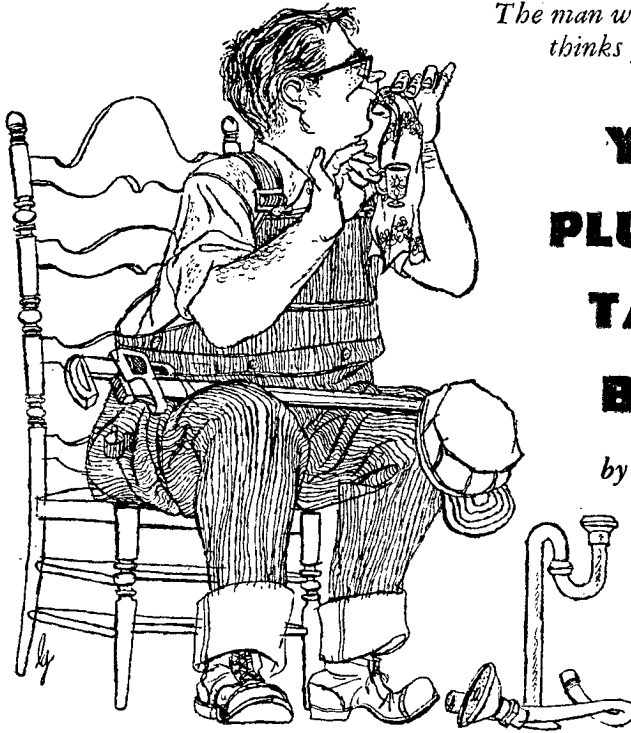
The old-time pay station was an easy victim of slugs. The museum has slugs that range from Chinese coins to a metal dime-sized piece that is inscribed, "Empty this waste cup often." Slugs don't work readily today, though, since modern pay stations are equipped with anti-slug devices.

—ROBERT V. HUDSON

*The man who fixes the pipes
thinks you're funny*

YOUR PLUMBER TALKS BACK

by Jean Muir



THE DISPATCHER knew as little about it as the plumber. "That's all they told me," he said, handing the plumber an address slip. "They just said there's this woman stuck in the bathtub and they want you should get out there and pry her loose."

The plumber later described the affair at a drug store soda fountain, where we had fallen into conversation.

"The bathtub was one of these half-sized tile jobs," he went on,

"deep under the faucets, with a seat half way up at the other end. Somehow this lady had got down into the deep end and wedged herself in tight. From a position like that, she couldn't get any leverage to pull herself out again. She was a fleshy lady and maybe she'd swelled up some, too."

The tub was so awkwardly placed that it was impossible to get a purchase on her from the outside. The plumber, therefore, climbed in with her, where he took

a good grip around her waist. In this way, the woman came loose with no difficulty.

In the plumber's opinion, it was a job efficiently handled, yet; when the woman was on her feet again, she immediately flew into a rage, telling him off for muddying the tub with his shoes and then tracking the mud across the bathroom floor. He shook his head in disgust.

"Einstein must have been nuts," he remarked, "saying if he had to do it again he would be a plumber. Atom bomb or no atom bomb, I can't understand a man like that making such a crack. He couldn't have known what a plumber has to put up with."

It is easy to see what he meant.

As one plumber, Lafayette Henry Cerveau, widely known in San Francisco as "the Frenchman," put it: "First there's a mechanical crisis and that brings on a financial crisis, because plumbers are expensive. So then out come all the mental stresses that are normally dormant. You learn more about human nature in one year of plumbing than you would in five years of college."

After 20 years on the job the Frenchman combines plumbing with a flair for psychology and then salts it all down with a kind of Rabelaisian humor.

"There's no glamor to plumbing," he admits, regretfully. "I'll tell you how it is. Suppose some gorgeous doll meets a guy and

asks him what he does. If he says, 'I'm an electrician,' or 'I'm a carpenter,' or 'I'm a steamfitter,' she'll say, 'Oh, how wonderful.' But if he says, 'I'm a plumber,' she just says, 'Oh.' Socially speaking, a plumber is mud."

The Frenchman is a bachelor of 44, six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds, but he isn't French. He was born in Stockton, California. From 1946 to 1948 he was vice-chairman of the Alameda county Democratic central committee. In 1952, he voted for Eisenhower. For six years he has worked for Siro's Plumbing and Heating in San Francisco. Both his parents came from the Basses-Pyrénées and he gets pretty Gallic himself in moments of crisis.

ONE JUNE DAY he answered an emergency call at a home where a wedding was to be solemnized within the hour. The Frenchman warmed to the women of the household at once, because of the way they greeted him, with shouts of relief, as if he were a heavenly visitor. Besides, the bride, in floating tulle and satin, was a beautiful girl, a real doll. The younger sister was equally beautiful. The mother was nice, too, but at the moment she seemed to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

The girls had filled the laundry tray with ice and stored the wines and champagne there to chill. As

a result, the trap under the tray had broken; water was leaking all over the floor and dribbling down into the rumpus room where the reception was to be held. It was even threatening the wedding cake. The Frenchman set to work with gusto to replace the trap. Every now and then the mother and daughters would come running in, all cheering him on. An attitude like this puts a man on his mettle. Just as the ringing of the doorbell announced the arrival of the first guests, he finished the job and gathered up his tools. The girls broke into a final cheer.

"How much do we owe you?" the mother asked.

There was a scent of flowers in the air and beauty and drama around him. "We will charge nothing," he said, with sudden abandon. "A present for the bride."

On his way back to the office he began to feel a little worried, as he tried to visualize how the boss would react to all this gallantry.

"I can understand this," the boss said, "if they were all so beautiful. Besides, it's the first job we've done there. The bride will be starting her own home now. She'll probably have a lot of plumbing difficulties in the future. You say the younger sister was a real doll, too? Then she'll be marrying soon. There's another household with clogged drains. Maybe you didn't do such a bad stroke of business, after all."

"He underestimated the effect," the Frenchman says. "The amount of business the family brought to the firm has been phenomenal."

AN AFFAIR of this kind makes up for some of the other, less pleasant memories. The Frenchman returned to the office one day after a small job, a minor adjustment of a toilet tank, and was told by his boss that the tenant in the apartment had just called, positively accusing him of stealing her gold bridgework.

"You'd better call her," the boss told him.

The Frenchman went to the phone. "Lady," he said, "I'm the plumber. In the first place, I want to categorically deny that I stole your gold bridgework. And in the second place, I want to tell you that if I had seen such an article, it would have been repugnant to me to touch it. I do not make a habit of handling other people's dentures."

He agreed, however, to return to the apartment and help her search for the object. When he drove up, the woman met him sheepishly at the door. She had just found her bridgework in the medicine cabinet.

But there are compensations.

"It provides a livelihood," the Frenchman remarks. "Between \$7,000 and \$8,000 a year, with overtime, once a man has finished his five years' apprenticeship. When

you consider that there are 125,000 plumbers in the United States, that's a lot of lettuce coming out of the drains."

HE MET a critical situation at the home of a bookie where he was called to clean out a sewer stoppage. As soon as he stepped inside the house, a handsome, quiet one in a lovely neighborhood, the customer grabbed his arm and hustled him into the bathroom, with three or four other men trailing along behind. They were all terribly nervous. It did not seem to the Frenchman that a sewer stoppage ought to cause such distress.

"Just relax. There isn't anything so desperate about this," he said. "What's so rush about it?"

"Well," the customer told him, "we've been cutting up bookie tickets and flushing them down the toilet. That's what's stopped it up. If it doesn't get cleared quick, the evidence may overflow into the street and someone is likely to pick up the pieces and spill the beans. I've been operating for years without being knocked over and I don't want to start now."

On one occasion, when the boss was driving around, checking on the plumbers, he discovered the Frenchman up on a roof, cleaning out a drain, while the customer, a hearty-looking woman of 50, stood on the landing below, handing up tools as he needed them.

"You've got a lot of gall," the boss told him later. "Getting that customer to help you. She was all dirty and mucked up."

"She wanted to help," the Frenchman told him defensively. "People like to talk to plumbers."

"Last time I checked up on you I found you sitting in a customer's parlor, drinking coffee," the boss said.

"I remember that," the Frenchman said thoughtfully. "I was advising her to marry her boy friend, even if he was 14 years younger than she. It worked out perfectly. They are completely happy."

The Frenchman is admittedly unique. Not many plumbers enter so wholeheartedly into the emotional problems of a household. But when you pin them down, the majority do admit that the mechanical job is often only half the problem.

There is Walter Diss, for one, the son of a plumber, who has ridden the putty wagon himself for 40 years, except for five years in the navy during World War I. For 30 years he has worked for E. Sugarman Inc. in San Francisco and is said to know his customers as well as he knows their drains.

People frequently tell him, hopefully, "I'll bet you see a lot, going around to all those different houses."

To this Walter replies, "You get hardened. You're there as a mechanic, not socially, and if women

want to run around their homes in nylon shorties, that's their business." His reaction is the same to the fights. "Certainly," he says, "I've heard husbands raising Cain with their wives. They don't care who's in the house. I'll hear a man let out a bellow and maybe, if I'm in the basement, I'll make a big uproar, hammering on pipes and coughing, so he'll know he's bellying in public. Usually that won't stop him. But it's all the same to me. If you're fighting a grease stoppage in a sink line, you're not very interested in what's going on between husband and wife."

Walter estimates that 95% of the time, he is dealing with women. He has learned to be a little chary when they insist that they have lost their diamonds down the drain. Before he starts digging up lines, he asks them to go very carefully through the clothes they are wearing. Half the time, he says, they find their rings caught in their girdles.

On at least one occasion he has discovered a woman slipping in and turning the clock back half an hour on him. And invariably he steels himself for a nervous outburst when he is obliged to dislodge a lot of dirt. Good housekeepers find it almost impossible to believe that all the dirt and muck come from their own clean houses.

One facet of the work, however,

still continues to surprise him. "And that's the way plumbing fascinates so many men," he explains. "They don't seem able to keep out of their own drains. As soon as their wives leave the house, they'll get out the wrenches and play with the pipes. Sometimes it's a real mania with them. The lawyers and fiddle players are the ones who get into all the trouble. They just don't have mechanical minds."

SEVERAL times a month Walter goes out on calls of this nature, a fact which leads him to believe the do-it-yourself fad has got out of hand. On one occasion the owner-installed plumbing was the most nightmarish sight he has ever seen. Pipes were running every which way, so that at first glance it looked as if the man had tried to erect an entanglement of some kind. He estimates that ten times as much pipe as necessary had been used.

"At first," Walter says, "I couldn't imagine why on earth he would do a thing of that kind. Then it came over me. The guy didn't have any way to cut pipe, so he'd kept stringing it around until it came out even."

With the passage of time, Walter has mastered to perfection the art of looking nonchalant, no matter what is going on in the homes he visits, a useful talent for a plumber. Some women, it appears, are scared to death of equipment and ready

to panic if they hear a strange noise in the plumbing. "If they see the plumber isn't afraid, it takes the fright out of them," Walter says. "Occasionally a situation really is dangerous. I knew a man who would be alive today if he had spent \$50 to have new controls installed on his furnace. But most modern equipment is fool-proof. The insurance companies have a lot to say about it."

OF ALL Walter's customers, one stands out as the most incomprehensible. Walter was called to the home because a little moisture had appeared in one corner of the dining room. By feeling along the wall with his hands, Walter located the trouble spot in a hot water pipe. Carefully removing the baseboard, he found a very small leak, only enough to cause a little sweating of the pipe. But by this time, he had become suspicious of the homeowner. The man kept lurking about and peering eagerly over Walter's shoulder. Before Walter went out to the service truck for some emergency clamps, he therefore warned the man. "Now, don't touch a thing," he told him. "That barnacle is very soft and

if it comes loose we'll really have trouble."

The man nodded and Walter hurried out to the street. He had barely reached the truck when he heard the unmistakable sound of a hammer banging against pipe. Walter shot into the house like a jet plane. Boiling hot water was blowing out all over the room, flooding over the blue and white Chinese rug, pouring onto the dining room table and upholstered seats of the chairs, running in a stream down the wall paper. In the center of the room the man stood with a hammer in one hand and his mouth open in astonishment.

Walter raced for the water valve. When he returned, the water shut off, he was decidedly upset. "What in the world made you do a thing like that?" he asked indignantly. "After I'd warned you?"

"I don't know," the man said. "Just wanted to see what would happen."

The thing which is still beyond Walter's comprehension is the look on the man's face when he said it. In spite of all the havoc around him, he looked completely happy.

Cave Daze

Civilization has come a long way since man slept in caves and counted on light streaming across the small entrance to awaken him each morning. Today he can stare across a dark room at a lighted screen and it keeps him awake most of the night.

—CHARLES RUFFING

IN THE MERCURY'S OPINION THE GRAVESTONES OF 1913

By Russell Maguire

HISTORY will record that 1913 was a very dark year for these United States. Up to that year we had minded our own business and were prosperous and happy—a friendly nation of many people. We had a national debt of only one billion dollars. We were free of crises, were solvent and happy. We had the respect and friendship of the governments of the world.

Four planned sinister events took place in 1913:

1. The graduated income tax law was passed. (16th Amendment.)
2. The Federal Reserve Banking Act was passed.
3. The Anti-Defamation League was organized by B'nai B'rith.
4. The Rockefeller Foundation was established.

These four events were not unrelated.

From this date forward, we were to be lied to, brainwashed and betrayed. Nationalism was thrown out the window for un-American internationalism.

The money properly belonging

to the citizen was taken from him by the Marxist graduated income tax and squandered by the internationalists through "their controlled government." Planned and promoted wars followed. Our great Constitution was violated. The un-Constitutional Federal Reserve Act gave the international bankers the funds to finance world wars which they promoted. It also gave them the funds to buy control of newspapers, radio, television, theaters, and vital companies and businesses. It gave them the funds to buy the services of those who could be bribed or silenced. MERCURY will stake its future that the Money Power works against the interest of the American people. Our "Money Made Mysterious" series of articles will clearly prove it.

Bernard Baruch stated in Congress that he was the most powerful man in the world. He became the self-styled elder statesman and "advisor" to four presidents. What followed is set forth year by year in our reprint, "Planned Events."

Fifty-four million people were killed in promoted World War II. The crooked United Nations made it impossible for us to win the Korean war. Our most able military men were forced out of military life. Wherever we spent the most money, Communism has flourished most. Our international bankers have squandered and thrown to the four corners of the earth what our forefathers thriftily built up in this country. They have saddled us with an astronomical debt. (The interest on our national debt alone is $7\frac{1}{2}$ times our total debt when the conspirators started.) They have made us the most hated nation on earth. They financed and kept alive the monster of Communism in Russia. They caused the creation of Israel which lost our nation the century of friendship with 450 million of the Islamic world in the strategic areas of Asia and Africa.

Of even greater importance, they robbed us of our freedom. Our Christian way of life was poisoned and is being destroyed. They got us to pursue earth's vain shadows. Treason, crime, corruption, juvenile delinquency, sale of dope and sex perversion now flourish.

They brought on the planned crash of 1929. In 1933 they caused us to recognize the godless Soviet

Union. We should now withdraw our recognition on the purely moral base. We should not associate with murderers, criminals and slave-keepers. "Pearl Harbor" Roosevelt fronted for them and embroiled us into the "planned war" in 1941.

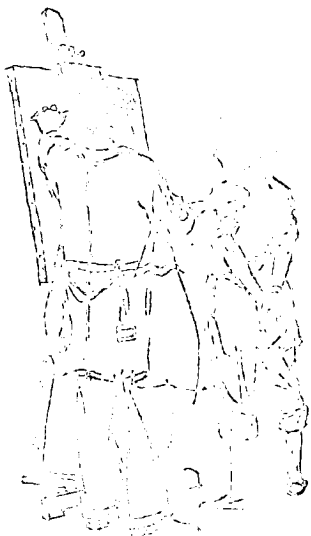
World Government and our destruction was advanced in 1944 by the misrepresented and dishonest International Monetary Fund and the International Bank of Reconstruction.

1947 was another sorry year with "planned events" that will cast their dark shadows for a long time to come.

THESE "planned" events since 1944 have set the stage for the greatest tragedy since the Crucifixion. Our atomic secrets have been stolen. The conspirators continue to use *immigration as a Trojan horse for our final destruction*. Bird-brained "fronts" of the conspirators keep mouthing that we should *disarm and strengthen others*. Also that we can be *prosperous by borrowing*. Their current recommendation is "*Winning by Losing*."

We must cut out the cancer of Communism, Socialism, and treason. They are financed and promoted by our only real threat—*the enemy within*.

Karl Marx, one hundred years ago, announced his credo. He cried: "Away with God! Away with Christ! Away with the Bible! You have everything to win by embracing Communism! You have a world to gain!"



WHAT DOES FREEDOM MEAN?

by Loren D. Stark

AMERICANS appear to be less sure of themselves today than formerly. Of course, every thoughtful person realizes that in recent years there has been a dangerous shift in the attitudes of leaders in government, education and church from traditional American concepts to the threadbare, old-world brand of socialism. However, few seem to fully comprehend the extent to which the corruption of our language has contributed to-

An eminent lawyer discusses the many facets of the word Freedom

ward this socialistic trend. Such skillful observers of the American scene as Garett Garrett, Clarence Manion, E. Merrill Root and others have pointed out the diabolic character of this deliberate perversion of our language, but relatively few people have paid any attention to their warnings.

Such words as "individualism," "capitalism," "nationalism," "sovereignty," "isolationism," "democracy," and hundreds of other good American words have been twisted so as to mean something very different from the traditional meaning. In his masterpiece, *The People's Pottage*, Garett Garrett comments regarding the extent of this perversion of words as follows: "Individualism is a word that will class you with the greedy few who wish to exploit the many for profit." An extensive list of words for which meaning has been distorted would, no doubt, present a challenge to all thinking Americans. However, I propose to attempt an analysis of one word. Also, instead of showing the many ways in which this word has been distorted, I shall use the positive approach and attempt to explore the philosophical basis with the hope that the true significance of the word may be revealed. In short, I shall attempt to dissect the anatomy of the most cherished word

in our language—Freedom. If this process results in helping us, even to a very small degree, to understand the import of the word, we shall be less likely to be deceived by the debauchers of our language.

Oddly enough, the dictionary is not the final authority or the best source of reference. The word, Freedom, is impregnated with spiritual values which can be discerned only by searching the only text which authoritatively proclaims the truth—the Holy Bible.

AT THE OUTSET, we should first make inquiry regarding the chief characteristics of Freedom—I prefer to think of them as the structure of Freedom's anatomy. There are at least five major elements in the structure, namely:

1. Freedom is exclusively an individual attribute, based upon human worth.

2. Freedom is indivisible.

3. Freedom is wisdom in action.

4. Freedom is based upon faith.

5. Freedom is power.

These characteristics need elaboration. First, let us take individual worth as a base. If Freedom is exclusively an individual human attribute where self-disciplined, personal free choice directs and controls conduct, then the individual who has no human worth cannot achieve freedom. While freedom can be practiced only with other individuals, it cannot be possessed by a group as such. Freedom can-

not be bestowed or forced upon the individual or the group; it can be acquired only when the individual earns it. If it could be given, it could also be taken away, and thus the whole concept of freedom would be nullified.

Freedom is indivisible. There is no such thing as freedom from want or freedom from fear, but there may be relief from want or escape from fear. Now liberty, frequently used interchangeably for freedom, is divisible. One may have liberty to work and earn so that he may relieve his wants, but at the same time, he may desperately fear the robber who would take his earnings from him. Perhaps another illustration will be more meaningful for us. Here in the United States we have universal suffrage—everyone has liberty to vote—but despite such liberty, we sometimes find ourselves bound and governed by corrupt officeholders. Therefore, in spite of the liberty we have to vote, we may not possess freedom. It can be seen then that liberty is therefore relative, but freedom is an absolute; one possesses it in its entirety or not at all.

Freedom is wisdom in action. If one possesses wisdom, he is certainly capable of practicing freedom. This statement appears to be self-evident until we begin to seek the meaning of wisdom. Philosophers throughout the ages have sought the answer with a notable lack of success, largely because their

point of reference has been inadequate. If we agree that knowledge and understanding of the will of God is the essence of wisdom, then we immediately establish a reliable point of reference, and, in addition, we have a detailed, accurate and complete blueprint readily available—the Bible.

Freedom is based upon faith. Now, people have faith in many things which in no way contributes to their freedom. The logical question then is: "What is Faith?" An untutored fisherman, possessed of the Holy Spirit, gave the answer succinctly: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.) If we believe St. John, the answer is definite and does not lend itself to alternatives.

AND FINALLY, freedom is power. This statement needs to be qualified. Certainly coercive power over other individuals is not what we mean. Persuasive power, power of example, yes, within the framework of the other attributes of freedom. The mere mention of power as an integral part of freedom immediately raises the question as to the source of such power. If we agree that wisdom is a vital part of freedom, and that knowledge and understanding of the will of God is the essence of wisdom, then we have no alternative but

to seek the answer regarding the source of such power from the canon of truth which says, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you;" (Acts 1:18) and again, "But the fruits of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." (Galatians 5:22)

These then are the chief structural characteristics of freedom. What are the manifestations of freedom? There are, of course, many such, but it seems to me that two are particularly important, namely—self-discipline and discernment.

If wisdom, anchored in faith and propelled by spiritual power, controls conduct, it becomes readily apparent that the individual possesses extraordinary self-discipline. Such an individual can practice freedom effectively because he will exercise patience and will exalt understanding.

And, finally, whenever an individual practices freedom, there is always evidence that he possesses discernment. For him truth emerges from the maze of minutia and confusion and he is thus able to detect error. Perhaps we should pause and ask ourselves, "What is truth?" That is an age-old question; one which Pilate asked Christ. In the Gospel of John (8:31-32) the answer is given in simple, understandable language; "Then said

Jesus to those Jews which believed in Him, if you continue in My word, then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

In this brief discussion it is quite obvious that many of the ramifications of the subject cannot be explored. Many books have been written which treat various aspects of freedom. The Do You Know Company, an educational foundation of which I am one of the trustees, has more than 130 titles available for patriots, and our list is wholly inadequate. While I may not touch many of the important facets of freedom, perhaps I can illuminate them by reciting an experience.

Recently I posed for a portrait. My daughter, Emma, was the artist, but she worked under the great Italian master, Guido Fulignot. It is his story which reveals what freedom really is because he knows what it means not to have it. In Trieste, the city of his birth, the communists took his property and otherwise made him unwelcome—to put it mildly. When he came to the United States less than four years ago, he was amazed at the complacency of the American people regarding the socialistic trend which, if not checked, will spell the end of all individual liberty in America. He said to me, "Unless you have had freedom and lost it, you cannot really appreciate it, but when it is lost it can be repossessed only through long and painful

struggle." His remark, based upon his own personal experience, impressed me deeply.

During the course of several weeks I listened to his instructions as my daughter painted. I became aware that although he discussed art in its various aspects, he was actually talking about freedom. For example, he said, "What you put on the canvas is an expression of your inner self. If that inner self possesses no absolute truths, then only confusion can be transferred to the canvas." Stating the idea somewhat differently, he said, "Without faith in eternal principles, your paintings are bound to be superficial." And then he made what appeared to me to be a profound statement. Said he, "Color, forms, composition, are, of course, important, but even in skilled hands, they do not constitute a masterpiece. It is the spirit which shines out from the canvas that makes it a masterpiece." It seems to me that a great artist, without consciously intending to do so, taught me a significant lesson in human freedom.

THE REAL significance of freedom as conceived by Fulignot may be more clearly understood by noting the views of a Spanish painter. Pablo Picasso, the celebrated exponent of confusion, made a confession in 1951 which is so devastating in its condemnation of modern art that it constitutes a

classic description of what freedom is not. Said he:

"From the moment that art ceases to be the food that feeds the best minds, the artist can use his talents to perform all the tricks of the intellectual charlatan. Most people can today no longer expect to receive consolation and exaltation from art.

"The 'refined,' the rich, the professional 'do-nothings,' the 'distillers of quintessence' desire only the peculiar, the sensational, the eccentric, the scandalous in today's art. And I, myself, since the advent of Cubism, have fed these fellows what they wanted and satisfied these critics with all the ridiculous ideas that have passed through my head.

"The less they understood them, the more they admired me. Through amusing myself with all these absurd farces, I became celebrated, and very rapidly. For a painter, celebrity means sales and consequent affluence. Today, as you know, I am celebrated, I am rich.

"But when I am alone, I do not have the effrontery to consider my-

self an artist at all, not in the grand old meaning of the word: Giotto, Titian, Rembrandt, Goya were great painters. I am only a public clown—a mountebank.

"I have understood my time and have exploited the imbecility, the vanity, the greed of my contemporaries. It is a bitter confession, this confession of mine, more painful than it may seem. But at least and at last it does have the merit of being honest." (*Libro Nero* by Giovanni Papini, Edition Vallecchi, Florence, November, 1951, pages 265-268)

It would be almost impossible to present a more striking contrast in the attitudes of intelligent human beings—Fulignot, who practices freedom—Picasso, who exploits ignorance and confusion. The comparison should provide us with an important clue as to the true meaning of freedom and thus enable us to appreciate its worth. If so, perhaps we shall be more alert to keep it. I hope so.

Cannibal's Revenge

Maybe this will serve to end all of the cannibal stories. When the White Queen was visiting Africa, she held court inside on one rainy morning. The various tribal chieftains would approach the Queen, say a few words, bow and retire. The Queen's interpreter would tell her what each chieftain had said.

One of the last to approach was a known cannibal chieftain, dressed in full tribal costume, and accompanied by his favorite wife. Halfway to the Queen the chieftain's wife tripped and fell flat. The chief spoke a few guttural words to her, she clambered to her feet and they continued up to the Queen.

When they retired, the Queen asked what the Chieftain had said to his fallen wife. Reluctantly the interpreter quoted, "Get up, lunch."

—KENNETH J. SHIVELY

Do You Know?

► Billions of dollars taken from you taxpayers have been given to England. Yet England has pulled out two of her four divisions from the NATO front. Moreover, England, France and Israel used, for their invasion of Egypt, great quantities of military equipment for which American taxpayers paid the bill.

► We continue to give large sums of money and military equipment to Communist Tito. We, however, promised and then refused, to give any help to the brave Hungarians.

► The people of the United States and of Canada also, have been kept in complete darkness concerning the real nature of the Marxist-Communist Conspiracy and of the anti-Christian leadership of that group.

► The conspirators, since 1913, have planned to use the dishonest income tax laws as a death grip on American citizens. "Foreigners" operating here get specially arranged "privileges."

► Harold Stassen, a real "Charlie McCarthy," can qualify as the modern Republican Global Giveaway Chief. His predecessor and Democratic counterpart was Harry Hopkins.

► Israel was the first Middle East country to establish diplomatic relations with Communist Russia. Russia and the "captive nations" also supplied 70 per cent of the immigrants that went to Israel.

► New York leads in contributions to the U. S. Communist Party. Florida was the second largest contributor.

► Christ did not wear a crown of thorns to teach "appeasement."

► Joe McCarthy, from his grave, asks Anna Rosenberg "Who promoted Peress?" Mercury also asks who promoted the phony stooges and the subversives still operating in our government.

► The Liberals and Eggheads say there are two sides to every question—the wrong side and their side.

► For years the Town Hall programs on the air and those held in their building in New York City have been slanted and weighted to the "liberals." Researchers believe that their tax-exempt status should be cancelled. One of the many organizations whose tax-exempt status is questioned is the Jewish Daily Forward. This newspaper is printed in Yiddish and approximately two hundred thousand copies are sold. Why should it be free of taxes?

► We are waiting for Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam to denounce a Communist-front connected with his battered name—or a Communist "deceiver" who "duped him."

► For justifiable and ample reasons the public has completely lost confidence in the "chosen" Supreme Court.

► The great Texas statesman, Congressman Wright Patman, introduced a bill in 1939, to pay the soldiers' bonus for World War I with Constitutional money to be issued directly by our government—interest free. The international bankers brought sufficient pressure to prevent this wise step.

► The international "do-gooder" is like the under plate of a double boiler: It gets hot and bothered. It transfers some of the heat but has no idea what is cooking.

► The Treasury is now to refinance 4.5 billions in short term bonds, which originally cost them about 1½% but now will cost them 3½% on 11 month money—some 90 million dollars more interest than originally. The poor tax payer is still being robbed by the conspirators.

► U. S. Ambassador to Moscow (1946-9), General Walter Bedell Smith, said upon his return that Soviet law specifically prohibits anti-Semitism. He said that anti-Semitism is widespread among the Russian people but rigorously put down by the government.

► "Opinion Magazine," published by the late Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Zionist leader, stated in its December, 1933, issue that 61 percent of the officials of the White Russian bureaucracy were Jews. The Rabbi's magazine added: "Anti-Semitism had been declared a state offense and is punished as counter-revolution."

► The states and localities have doubled their debts in the last four years.

► Poland is 94 percent Catholic, Hungary 97 percent, yet both "captive nations" are under the heels of brutal non-Christians.

► Our ever-faithful French brothers in arms, who haven't won a war on their own since the time of Napoleon, were the first to take a runout powder on their NATO promises to Eisenhower to supply divisions of troops. France got into trouble in Egypt. France has most of its army, about 600,000 (once promised to NATO) in Algiers. Their bankers hope they remain there for the next half century.

► The psychiatrists are doing a land office business. They, themselves, are so emotional and nervous that they are going to each other to try to solve their own problems.

► Hitler's money system, worked out by the brilliant Dr. H. Schaacht, exposed the crooked deficit financing of the privately owned central banks of England, France and our so-called Federal Reserve System.

The Chicago Tribune on May 29, 1950 rendered a service in telling you that Herbert Lehman was the third most powerful man in these United States. The most powerful, continuously since 1912, is Bernard Baruch.

For at least twenty years Sidney Weinberg has been the second most powerful. These men represent the MONEY POWER. The king in the world of MONEY is the House of Rothschild.



As I Remember

Two young men on their way to a date with destiny

HAVING SOLD a few bits of verse when I was eighteen, I became ambitious to get into the literary world by any door. It opened with a job on the old *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, then newly housed (1898) in a white stucco Greeklike temple on the banks of the Hudson, at Irvington, N. Y. Rival publishers of the Mauve Decade thought its owner-editor, John Brisben Walker, was crazy to take his successful business from the

big city into the country. Likewise, too, was his idea of a quality magazine for ten cents. But crazier still seemed his founding of a "correspondence university" for subscribers, who for a dollar could get the heavily illustrated monthly for a year and be enrolled for a course, too.

After I literally had sat on his doorstep for days, the iconoclastic "J.B." took me on at a wage of seven dollars a week. First, how-

ever, he gave me a pencil to sharpen while he studied me intently. Wonderingly, I whittled in trepidation, for his eyes pierced me. Was he a little mad, as I had heard?

He stared hard at the pencil I returned. "So-o-o," he said at length, "you're artistic, ambitious, impulsive, but indecisive!" He was reading my character from my work with a penknife. "But I like the way you kept after me. Report to Mr. Casamajor on Monday. And learn to be practical. Stick to your ideas, my boy, even if you're wrong. Make mistakes, but learn from them."

I floundered out, and on Mon-

Them

by D. E. Wheeler

day started on a three-fold job of manuscript clerk, reader of "slush" contributions, and keeper of the picture files. My window overlooked a glorious view of the river and a long flight of winding concrete steps leading up the high bank to the "temple." Regularly, sight-seers, authors and artists climbed those tiresome steps. Alert for the visitors, I was adolescently thrilled when I recognized a celebrity mounting them.

FIRST SIGHT of such notables as Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Brander Matthews, Richard LeGallienne and Israel Zangwill made me gaze hero-worshipfully. But I was most interested in a dark, handsome youth, about my own age, who bounded up the steps with singular agility and grace, a drawing under his arm. I wished I knew who he was. Then, one summer afternoon, Mr. Leigh, the jocular art editor, brought him to my manuscript-picture filing room.

"Meet Mr. Barrymore," he said. "His father's the great actor."

"Jack Barrymore," smiled the boyish Apollo. "Don't 'mister' me until I grow a moustache or cast my first vote. What do you say—Dan?"

"Me? Oh, I'll—I'll never grow a moustache," I stammered, embarrassed at his sudden chumminess. "But I'll vote next year. I—I saw your father with Mrs. Fiske in *Becky Sharp*. He's wonderful."

"You'd think him more wonderful if you saw him imitating her *Becky*," said Jack. "He's very funny. He'd rather box than act any

The author, Daniel Edwin Wheeler born 1880, in New York City, was on the editorial staffs of Collier's, Cosmopolitan, McClure's, New York Times, Smart Set and Liberty. He is the author of several books. His home is at Elm Road, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

time. And he says he's tired of 'supporting' so many women!"

We laughed at the implication. "But he's always a star," said the art editor, who turned to me, "Jack wants back those black-and-white nightmares we've used of his." He assumed a mock gravity. "They are going to be collectors' items, you know."

"They are now!" said Jack in the same vein. "Garbage collectors. I know a junk art dealer who'll give me a dollar each for them, and I can always use money!"

"Oh, don't sell 'em yet," kidded Leigh. "They'll fetch a hundred times that when you're famous, and in your father's shoes."

"Me act? Not on your life, punchinello!" Jack drew his expressive eyebrows together. "I'll tell you what I'm really going to do with those drawings. Put them in my guest room, if I ever have one." He appealed to me with solemnly sly humor, "Don't you think they'd be good to make a guest remember his sins and say his prayers. I might save a soul from hell's fire, eh, Dan?"

THAT this gay, irresponsible chap, who didn't seem to have a serious bone in his body, could have drawn these monstrous figures symbolizing Fear, Lust, Greed, Jealousy and the like, which appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*, had staggered me enough. And Jack's sardonic grin didn't help.

"He's pulling your leg, Dan," warned Leigh. "A born joker."

"But you're wrong, Leigh," said Jack. "I have a very serious side which comes out when I get a crayon or brush in my fingers."

This remark gave me a cue for my answer. "Well, these drawings of yours make me think of those in Dante's Inferno—"

"Of course they do!" cried Jack. "And why not? When I was a kid I had a teacher who used to punish me by making me look at Doré's pictures of hell in a big book. I found them fascinating. It was Doré inspired me to want to be an artist." He was in earnest now. "But really my ambition is to draw beautiful women."

"The way you'll draw 'em best, my boy, is to go on the stage, what with your good looks and the family talent," quipped Mr. Leigh.

Scoffed Jack, "I couldn't even carry a spear—I'd throw it at somebody!"

"Oh, Shake-a-spear for you, eh?" punned the art editor. "To be or not to be—"

"Not to be!" said Jack, then to me, "Leigh doesn't think the Barrymores are good for anything but acting. I'll prove he's wrong!"

"Farewell, Romeo," gibed the art editor, leaving us.

I got Jack's drawings and wrapped them while he gazed out my window. "What a view!" he exclaimed. "Ever try to paint it?"

"I couldn't," I said. "I aim to be

an editor, and write, maybe. I'm reading manuscripts part of the time now."

"Discover any genius yet—the diamond in the dunghill?"

THERE WAS a fellow out in San Francisco, I told him, whose stories excited me a lot. He sent two a week, sometimes three. But they never got beyond prim Miss Leonard, an assistant editorial reader, who said they were blood-and-thunder trash.

"Three a week? He must be a hack! What's his name?"

"Another Jack—Jack London, he calls himself." Then in self-defense, I said, "but I'm not the only one likes him. The *Atlantic Monthly* had a story of his in last January's issue. He offered it to us first. I think it's great!"

"Blood-and-thunder in the *Atlantic*? Gosh, I'll read it!"

I saw him two or three times afterwards that summer, then he stopped coming. Always, he'd ask if Jack London was still writing his head off, and say that I ought to rub Miss Leonard's nose in that *Atlantic* story, and bring it to "J.B.'s" attention.

But I had done something else which I kept to myself. I had been carrying on a surreptitious correspondence with my "genius" by way of our rejection slips! I began it when I had to mail back that very *Atlantic* story of his, "An Odyssey of the North." Under the

discouraging formal "The Editors regret," etc. I scribbled in pencil, "I liked it. Good as Bret Harte. But I'm a nobody here." I felt I owed him a word of cheer after clerkily returning a long line of his manuscripts. But I was surprised and tickled when he enclosed that rejection slip with a story, later on, scrawling under my comment, "I'm all for Nobodies, but a somebody liked that story, too, and the good old *Atlantic* bought it. Thanks."

That gave my callow editorial judgment a boost, and I continued my secret rejection-slip comments to him, but never signing my name. In turn, Jack London answered in the same way, and this went on for about two years, until I happened to take Charles Hanson Towne, the poet, into my confidence. He was John Brisben Walker's secretary at the time, and we had become close friends.

"But you must stop it," said Charley. "If 'J.B.' finds it out you'll be fired like a shot. Who's Jack London, anyhow? Is he worth losing your job for? You're playing a losing game, Dan."

Up to then it had seemed only a harmless lark, but I quit on Charley Towne's advice. Jack London didn't bother finding out why. No doubt it was a relief. Also, he was beginning to "arrive" in the magazine world, and hadn't time for such nonsense, though he was most cordial in our exchange. However,

Destiny hadn't finished with our crossed threads.

FROM THE quiet beauty of the Hudson River and the bastard stucco Greek "temple" I went to *Collier's Weekly*, then on noisy, dirty West 13th Street near Ninth Avenue, as an assistant sub-editor. Robert Collier, the boss, and Condé Nast, his advertising manager, wanted a young, up-and-coming fellow on the staff. I seemed likely enough. But Editors Bourke and Lee gave me the impression that they considered me a "squirt" who would have to be kept in his proper place. Or, at least, I was just another of Robert Collier's "whims." He, too, was young and at the beginning of his publishing career in his father's business.

On the first day at my new desk I wrote Jack London, identifying myself at last to him, and telling him where I was. I urged him to send me any fiction he had to submit, that Robert Collier had asked me to scout around for strong, he-man stuff. "And no more rejection slips," I added. Jack replied at once with great warmth, said he was planning to come East soon, and would make a bee-line for me. "I'm doing a dog story," he postscripted. "Would *Collier's* be interested?"

When I asked them, Editors Bourke and Lee were negative. Both thought that Ernest Seton Thompson had worn out the ani-

mal story, and no one could possibly rival him in the field, anyway. Was I on a spot! After inviting Jack London to let me see his stories, I had to reject even the idea for one! Well, I wrote him as sincerely as I could, and he passed it over, replying that he hoped to see me before long and intended "to harpoon some plushy editorial whales."

Sure enough, one spring day he strolled into my office unannounced, a blue-eyed, blondish young man, handsome and husky, not much older than I was. But he didn't look the bold, rugged adventurer I had imagined from his tales. And, more unexpectedly, he wore a shy, diffident smile. Intuitively, however, I knew who my caller was as we gripped hands like long-parted comrades.

"Got your harpoon?" was the first thing I said.

"Oh, are you a plushy whale now?" he laughed, his face alight. "You're not my idea of one. I want to meet the 'nobody' who made rejection slips easy to take. They were the only ones ever bucked me up! When they stopped coming, I was sure you got caught at it. 'The poor kid', I said, for I figured you must be very young—"

"And pretty fresh, I guess," I said, feeling self-conscious, and changed the subject. "Hope you've got a story for me in your pocket."

"No, here," he smiled, tapping his fine brow. "By the way, I sold

that dog yarn to the *Post*. Lorimer gave me \$2,000 for it. First real money I ever made. Looks like I won't have to hock my typewriter to eat for a while."

"Nor write for *Collier's*," I said, feeling this big break put us out of the running. "But congratulations! Don't tell me the *Post* wouldn't be interested in your next. How about it?"

"I never can tell about editors—they're always surprising," he grinned. "But I thought I'd give you first whack at this idea for old sake's sake. And your last letter said that Mr. Collier wanted stories that would knock readers off their chair. I think this one would. It'll be a novel. A sea story. It's been in the back of my mind a long time, but I've been a little afraid to tackle it."

"Let's go to lunch and talk," I suggested.

OVER minestrone, spaghetti and red-ink at Guffanti's, he told me his idea. But first I got him yarning about his own violently eventful life, his battle against sordid poverty, and his conquest of seemingly hopeless circumstances. I had to draw him out. Once started, however, he warmed up tremendously. All his curious shyness went. He became positively bardic when his recital of personal experiences led into the novel he had in mind. When Jack was seventeen he was an A.B. on a seal-

ing vessel off the Siberian coast, a hell-ship, whose captain was a Nietzschean superman (I noticed Jack was taken with Nietzsche's philosophy). The story was to revolve around this Satanic sea captain, with a hero and love affair interwoven. The conflict was to be stupendous. Jack cited several instances of hero-villain contact that had me "knocked off the chair."

Throughout his narration, he watched my face intently, as if to find the truth of what I thought there, rather than depend on word of tongue. There could be no doubt of my genuine enthusiasm. Yet he had a lingering suspicion of editorial humors as we parted that afternoon.

"You're sure it isn't too brutal for *Collier's*?" he said.

"No, we're after strong meat," I reassured him. "And when they see your story in the *Post*, they'll be keen to get your serial."

"*Quien sabe?*" We gripped hands in a warm good-by. "You'll be hearing from me in the fall—some chapters, if not the whole thing."

But Destiny had other plans. Jack's dog story, "The Call of the Wild," ran in the July and August issues of the *Post*, and was a ten-strike, just what *Collier's* needed, and we could have had it! Mentioning our lost chance to the senior editors, I reminded them in my youthful pride of obtaining London's promise that we'd have his next big story. Perhaps I was

too cocky. My letter to the author about his suggestion of a dog story was dug out of the file, and condemned in its wording as brashly discouraging, though it expressed only what they had themselves said at the time. Smarting at the injustice, I pointed this out. The impudence of the whipper-snapper! I was fired.

What Robert Collier was told, I never knew. He was off on a holiday when I was let out. I was given to understand that further negotiations with Mr. London would be in more competent hands. I had a lot to learn. Of course, I wrote Jack. He replied, "Never mind, they'll need you more than you'll need them, my boy." The sequel was that the story we talked over at Guffanti's that

afternoon, "The Sea Wolf," appeared in the *Century Magazine* the following year (1904).

YEARS LATER, I met Condé Nast on the street. He then owned *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*. We talked shop.

"I had a talk with Jack London at a dinner the other night," he said. "Spoke of you. He told me you were given first chance at 'Call of the Wild' and 'Sea Wolf', but *Collier's* couldn't see the 'Call' and he wouldn't let them see 'The Wolf'. I never knew that, and I don't think Bob Collier did, either. How did that happen?" I explained. Nast said, "Ah, I see. Boy too big for his britches!" We laughed. "Well, if you're ever looking for a job, come see me."



She Didn't Use Blanks

Back around the turn of the century, Annie Oakley, the celebrated woman marksman and sharpshooter, achieved renown as a crack shot in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. So accurately did she hit her targets that a similarity between the bullet-holes and neatly punched admission tickets and passes was apparent. That is why tickets and free passes to performances, from the theatre to a baseball game, are still sometimes called by her appellation—"Annie Oakley."

—RUSSELL NEWBOLD

THE CASE OF

Herbert Norman

by Frank Kirkpatrick

Many of the facts regarding Norman's mysterious connections and his strange death are presented here for the first time.

ON AUGUST 1, 1951, Dr. Karl August Wittfogel, a distinguished authority on Chinese history, named Herbert Norman as one of a group of communists whom he knew in a sort of communist club at Columbia University in 1938. Dr. Wittfogel and Moses Finklestein had previously taught Norman while he was at Harvard.

On May 30, 1940 the head of the Institute of Pacific Relations wrote Owen Lattimore: "Herbert Norman was in the office . . . on the eve of his sailing for Tokyo as language officer in the Canadian Legation . . . I think Norman may be able to do some writing for 'Pacific Affairs' on contemporary matters, providing he writes under a nom de plume. . . . I am hoping that all of us may find some way

in continuing Norman as a contributor to the IPR publication program in one form or another."

Lattimore answered on May 31 that he was glad that "you and Holland will be keeping an eye on Herbert Norman."

The Institute of Pacific Relations was found by a U.S. Senate Committee to be a "vehicle used by the communists to orientate American Far Eastern policy toward communist objectives." The Rockefeller Foundation gave the IPR \$2,167,453 and the Carnegie Foundation also donated large sums to this institute.

On September 5, 1940, W. L. Holland, of the IPR, wrote to E. C. Carter, saying: "Phil (Lilienthal) will be in Japan from about September 18 to October 6. . . . Any very secret messages might be sent to him in care of Herbert Norman at the Canadian Legation."

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On Thursday, March 6, 1952, Owen Lattimore testified briefly about E. H. Norman, swearing that he did not believe that Norman ever wrote under an alias. He also referred to Canadian "press protects on the subject" of Norman having been named as a communist.

At this time, there was introduced documentary evidence that Norman had been the executive officer (secretary) of the communist-front "Canadian Friends of the Chinese People." This account had appeared in a communist paper, "China Today," and related that Norman was "a teacher born in Japan," and that the organization was started in Toronto by General Fang Chen-Wu.

On Monday, March 10, 1952 the Internal Security Subcommittee, under the late great Senator McCarran, was questioning Owen Lattimore. It developed that Lattimore frequently saw E. H. Norman in Japan, and that he had seen Norman at a meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations in England in 1947, after the Institute had been exposed as a communist vehicle.

On Friday, March 28, 1952, Frederick Vanderbilt Field, the notorious communist, who was secretary of the American section of the Institute of Pacific Relations was put under oath and asked about Herbert Norman. Field testified that he probably knew Norman as

a part of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs. Then, when asked if he (Field) knew Norman in connection with the communist-front "American Friends of the Chinese People," Field refused to answer, saying that it might incriminate him to do so.

AT THIS same hearing, Field was shown a letter written by him. This letter, dated April 19, 1938, read:

"Dear Mr. Carter:

I am delighted that the Rockefeller Foundation has given E. H. Norman a third year on his fellowship and that they have assigned him to your secretariat . . . He is an excellent man . . . From the very first issue of Amerasia . . . Jaffe, Chi, and I have been making all possible use of him. You could not have made a better choice.

Fred" (Field)

Who are Chi, Jaffe, and Carter? Note well:

Chao-ting Chi (alias Hansu Chan) a Chinese, was put in the Office of War Information by Owen Lattimore, and was later put in charge of American funds for the Chinese by Harry Dexter White. He was a long-time familiar of many American communists and Soviet agents, and it is reported that he has most recently been a communist Chinese banker with secret connections at UN.

Edward C. Carter, was then head of the Institute of Pacific Re-

lations. He was not identified as a communist, but Carter was one of the few civilian Americans ever decorated by the USSR. He is now dead.

Phillip Jaffe, a communist who is also known by his alias, J. W. Phillips, is a prosperous business man (greeting cards) of Brooklyn. Jaffe also headed Amerasia and, when caught, pleaded guilty to illegal possession of hundreds of top-secret documents stolen from the U.S. State Department in war-time. He was fined \$2,500, and released in one of the worst cover-ups in the history of subversion.

Norman was defended in an oblique manner by L. B. Pearson, one-time Minister to the U.S. from Canada, and now the Canadian Minister for External Affairs. This was, and is, understandable. Pearson is the kind of simpleton (or knave) who, in March 1943, was part of a discussion group "on United Nations Cooperation" that included:

Ralph Bunche of OSS (Now of UN).

Edward C. Carter of IPR (Now dead.)

Frank V. Coe, of BEW (A 5th Amendment pleader.)

Michael Greenberg, of BEW and the IPR and The President's staff. *An espionage agent* who has skipped the country.

W. L. Holland, of IPR.

David Weintraub, Off. for Relief & Rehabilitation (a 5th Amendment pleader.)

Len De Caux, CIO (Identified as communist.)

So, we come to 1956-57. Mr. Herbert Norman is in Egypt. Mr. John K. Emmerson is in Lebanon. Both men are supposed to be experts on Japan and China—the Far East. Both men, for some reason not obvious in their records, however, are suddenly shifted to the Near East (England calls area Near East . . . we call it Middle East. Both men had been accused of having a communist bias. Both men, back in 1945, had rushed to a Japanese prison to stage a build-up of Japanese communist leaders, and secure their release.

ON MARCH 21, 1957, Mr. John K. Emmerson, Deputy Chief of the U.S. diplomatic mission to Lebanon and Counselor of the Embassy, asked to come back and be allowed to change some of the testimony he had given in executive session a few days before to the Internal Security Subcommittee of the U.S. Senate. (You should read a transcript of Emmerson's testimony, which he asked to give to correct some false testimony he had given.)

It was something more than coincidence in the fact that Emmerson and Norman should both be in the Near East at this time.

Mr. Norman died and his body was shipped all the way from Cairo to Rome—to be cremated.

The dangerous Harry Dexter White, who died mysteriously two days after the government wanted to question him, was also cremated after being rushed across state lines.

It is to be doubted that this is the end of the Norman Case or of the Emmerson involvement.

Why did Norman die *after* Emmerson admitted he had lied?

Some weeks before Norman's death, we were informed that Dr. Albert Hofman, a Swiss chemist, and an admirer of Freud, had discovered a new drug considered exceptionally useful for subversive purposes. *It can be used to induce insanity with suicidal tendencies to such a degree that the victim of an over-dose cannot resist the urge to commit suicide.* This drug is called "Lysergic Acid Diethylamide". Accompanying the report was a statement that experimentation in its use, "in a country other than Switzerland", resulted in nine suicides in one hospital in a period of two months. The "Mental Health" crowd will welcome this discovery.

(The National Federation of Christian Laymen, 60 Talbot Road, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada, are distributing considerable material regarding subversive Canadians, including Norman.)



Deadhead

We jokingly refer to someone who isn't too bright as a *deadhead*. Yet the word itself actually began purely as a railroading term.

The word goes back a short time before the Civil War. In those early railroading days trainmen used to make certain that all their passengers had paid for their ride by counting the heads of the passengers in each car. As the ticket-taker strolled down the aisle counting heads he would sometimes come upon a rider who had a pass and was thus riding free. So the trainman didn't add this head in as he counted. The free pass riders thus came to be known as deadheads.

Several years later the word's use was widened when it was applied to empty railroad cars. From an empty railroad car the word today has come to mean a person with an empty head.

—ALFRED K. ALLAN

Can phage protect mankind from bacteria?

GERMS CAN GET SICK TOO

by Irving J. Weiss

BACTERIA, scientists have discovered, suffer from "germs" of their own in the same way that mankind suffers from bacteria. They have even taken photographs of the little disease producers in the act of destruction inside the body of the bacteria.

In these pictures, taken with the electron microscope, the tiny invaders, called phage viruses, seem to have a disastrous effect. They get into the bacteria, multiply, infect the life process somehow, and suddenly the bacteria dissolves, or explodes out of existence. Enormously enlarged pictures show the bacteria to be big bodies, shaped like hot-dogs, being worked over by little viruses, shaped like rice kernels.

At one time it was hoped that these little menaces to bacteria could be used in the service of mankind, as are the wonder drugs, the antibiotics, which are injected into the blood, and, once inside, kill the bacteria without hurting the patient. Dr. Felix D'Herelle, the Canadian bacteriologist who discovered phage, tried giving them by mouth to sufferers from

typhoid fever, dysentery, and other terrible diseases, and claimed they helped wonderfully. But later experiments did not bear out D'Herelle's optimism, and the phage virus was forgotten for a while.

In recent years, however, interest has revived; and in laboratories all over the world bacteriologists are looking for ways to make phage into something life-saving for human beings.

In one way they have had great success. That is, in "typing" bacteria. Even though the scientist in the laboratory can get incredibly good pictures of germs with the electron microscope, these pictures don't tell him a thing about "personality" differences inside the bacteria. All germs causing any particular disease look exactly like one another. For instance every germ that causes typhoid fever looks just like every other germ that causes typhoid fever. And yet the scientist knows that in reality they are not perfectly alike at all. Some are more deadly than others, and some cause more of one symptom, while others cause more of other symptoms.

And most important of all, some antibiotics work perfectly well against some types of the same germ and fail miserably against other types.

Here is where phage goes to work for the scientist, who has a very good picture of the enemy and still doesn't know many important things about it, just as when, during the war, we had good photos of enemy planes and still didn't know how fast they flew or how sharply they could dive or turn or what bomb load they could carry. It was necessary to get the information indirectly, by observing the enemy's performance in flight against different kinds of our own planes.

IN THE SAME WAY the scientist measures the enemy germs' performance against different kinds of his own "friendly" phages in the laboratory. He puts the disease germ together with one kind of phage in a test tube, and then with another, and another. He does this many times, and discovers just which kinds of phages work on the germ, and which don't. By observing the typhoid germs' performance in battle, so to speak, he can tell one type of typhoid bacteria from another.

These laboratory battles are expected to be of great help in the future as the problem of "resistance" gets worse. Many germs have learned how to "resist" antibiotics,

or rather, special "types" of one kind of bacteria have learned to resist drugs. And new types have seemingly come out of nowhere, which look just like the old bacteria, but are not disturbed in the slightest by penicillin or aureomycin.

Take, for instance, the staphylococcus, or "staph," as it is called for short. This common bacteria that plays a role in almost every little skin infection, was at one time a knock-over for antibiotics. Although harmless enough when it causes skin infections and boils, staph are deadly if a good dose of them ever gets loose in the blood stream. The first human being ever injected with penicillin was suffering from staph blood poisoning. In that case penicillin was so fabulously effective against the previously fatal sickness that the doctors were encouraged to go ahead with their work in perfecting that greatest of wonder drugs.

In the last few years certain types of staph germs have come into existence which seem like all other staph, and yet they are not bothered at all by penicillin, and these staph have caused epidemics of deadly pneumonia. Somehow some staph have changed chemically inside themselves to avoid the drugs, as a plane would get a new motor, or new gadgets on its motor, and thus have new maneuverability. They have got new weapons, too, for they are deadlier than

the old staph. By typing these new enemies with different kinds of phages the scientist can at least tell which unusual type of staph he has to contend with in an epidemic, and can thus work less in the dark against the enemy.

BUT NOT all of phage's actions are desirable ones. In the molasses industry, for instance, it was discovered that certain phages were killing the bacteria used to ferment the sugar used in making the molasses. Measures had to be taken in this case to protect against phages, the enemy of bad and good bacteria alike.

But phages don't kill all germs. They will only survive in young growing bacteria. Old ones that are ready to die from other causes seem safer from phage than are the young healthy bacteria. Scientists think that the phage virus enters the body of the bacteria and uses up some complicated chemicals necessary for growth and life, which old bacteria no longer have. The phage robs the bacteria of whatever it is that makes it grow and multiply, and uses this stuff to grow and multiply itself. When the electron microscope catches the instant of the germ dying, the germ's body seems to explode apart, and where there was once a bacteria, there are now only many more viruses, and almost nothing remains of the body of the bacteria.

Phage, like all viruses, must have something alive to live inside of, or else they perish. They can't live alone, and so are called "parasites." Since the bacteria practically disappears when it dies, with the phages multiplying within it, experts think that maybe phages aren't even alive at all, but rather consist of little globs of albumen-like stuff that react wildly with living organism and finally stop reacting when they have used up all the living material.

One of the truly most puzzling problems in the whole world of science today is the question of whether or not viruses are really alive or if perhaps they are something on the very borderline of the living and the non-living.

This brings us to the obvious question: if germs can make human beings sick, and phage viruses can make germs sick, is there something living that can make phage viruses sick in turn?

Scientists think not. Since viruses are probably the lowest kind of life there is, phage viruses are also probably the lowest disease causers of all.

It doesn't seem possible that anything living could infect and sicken them. But someday scientists may be able to look even into the inside of a phage, and see something going on that is just as amazing as viruses causing trouble in a germ.

FEDERAL RESERVE CORPORATION

THE WORLD'S WORST MONOPOLY!

QUESTION: Can anyone tell us why the nine old Black-Gowned Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court have failed to nullify and outlaw the "Federal Reserve Act"?

ANSWER: These "Money Creators" are too powerful!

HOW \$10,000 OF BANK CREDIT MAY BE BUILT ON \$1,000 OF RESERVES

The Federal Reserve Bank buys \$1,000 of Government securities from bank No. 1. It pays for these by crediting \$1,000 on the reserve deposit of Bank No. 1 in the Reserve Bank. The \$1,000 is put to work as follows:

Bank 1 lends \$1,000 to Mr. A who pays it to Mr. B who deposits \$1,000 in Bank 2 which sets aside \$100 for reserves; has \$900 left

Bank 2 lends \$900 to Mr. C who pays it to Mr. D who deposits \$900 in Bank 3 which sets aside \$90 for reserves; has \$810 left

Bank 3 lends \$810 to Mr. E who pays it to Mr. F who deposits \$810 in Bank 4 which sets aside \$81 for reserves; has \$729 left

Bank 4 lends \$729 to Mr. G who pays it to Mr. H who deposits \$729 in Bank 5 which sets aside \$73 for reserves; has \$656 left

Bank 5 lends \$656 to Mr. I who pays it to Mr. J who deposits \$656 in Bank 6 which sets aside \$66 for reserves; has \$590 left

Bank 6 lends \$590 to Mr. K who pays it to Mr. L who deposits \$590 in Bank 7 which sets aside \$59 for reserves; has \$531 left

Bank 7 lends \$531 to Mr. M who pays it to Mr. N who deposits \$531 in Bank 8 which sets aside \$53 for reserves; has \$478 left

Bank 8 lends \$478 to Mr. O who pays it to Mr. P who deposits \$478 in Bank 9 which sets aside \$48 for reserves; has \$430 left

Bank 9 lends \$430 to Mr. Q who pays it to Mr. R who deposits \$430 in Bank 10 which sets aside \$43 for reserves; has \$387 left

Bank 10 lends \$387 to Mr. S who pays it to Mr. T who deposits \$387 in Bank 11 which sets aside \$39 for reserves; has \$348 left

And so on, until following totals are reached:

Total loans \$10,000

Total deposits \$10,000

Total reserves \$1,000

Condensed from "The Reserve Banks and the Money Market," published by W. Randolph Burgess (now Under Secretary of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.) Harper and Brothers, New York

* To confirm above facts, write U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Washington, D. C. for the Booklet "The Economics of the Money Supply" at 50c per single copy.



Money Made Mysterious *Part X*

By PAUL STEVENS

Gold and Its Power

The Hon. J. Thorkelson, former Congressman from Montana, spoke with prophetic wisdom when he made the following remarks in several addresses to the House of Representatives in February, March and April of 1940. The *MERCURY* has condensed these speeches which were originally published in the Congressional Record. Remember, this was approximately ten months before Pearl Harbor. Then as now, treason and subversion were in the air.

THE internationalist alone is responsible for the chaotic state in which we find the world, for wherever he is you will find dissension, hatreds, unemployment, poverty and despair. He has always been a source of trouble and will continue to be until he is denied the use of gold as a weapon to destroy and browbeat nit-witted rulers and weak governments into submission.

The power of gold is greatest when nations are in debt, so he creates debt to wield his power. The internationalist now has the gold but lacks a kingdom for his throne, and to consummate his desire *he wants war*.

His ultimate hope is that we will join Europe in another World War to enthrone him, for it is only upon the ruins of nations and our

civilization that he can establish a federal world union or super world government, similar to that of the defunct League of Nations. Nations that survive the war on the side of the victor will, if they subscribe to this union, exchange their sovereign rights for a minor position in this world government, and the vanquished nations, if not destroyed, will be held as vassal states.

The purpose of this world government is to combine the military force of all member nations as a policing power to enforce its rule upon its members, as well as upon independent nations. It is a grand scheme, and one in which an international socialist crowned as king will emerge as a ruthless imperialistic despot. This is particularly true if he succeeds in placing

his own men in command of the military policing, intelligence and justice forces.

Such government is not our conception of popular government, for it is not free and will not establish justice. It will not insure domestic tranquillity, but will instead bring about strife. It will weaken or destroy our defenses and ignore the general welfare of the people. Instead of securing the blessing of liberty to ourselves and to our posterity, it will contrariwise restrict or deny liberty to us and enslave our children, so whatever it is, we do not want a "world federal union," now or at any future time.

It should now be clear that the internationalist and internationalistic sympathizers are deliberately planning to involve the United States in the present European war.

No better evidence is needed to prove this than the propaganda now launched in the daily press, the movies and over the air.

We have been too lenient with these destroyers, and should, for the protection of our Nation and the people, embargo the gold now in the Treasury instead of allowing it to remain as it is, security for the international financiers. It must be understood that gold and money is the property of those of our citizens who are holding claims against this metal in the form of currency, securities and investments.

THE RIGHT to designate ownership of gold money or its equivalent is a power that the people did *not* delegate to Congress, but is instead one of the unwritten powers of the Constitution which the people reserve to the States and to themselves, and Congress is obligated to protect that right.

We, the Members of Congress, give little or no consideration to this unwritten power, in spite of the fact that we have obligated ourselves "to preserve, to protect and defend" this inalienable right of security which the people set aside for their own protection. Members of Congress forget that they represent the people and that their action should in no sense be predicated upon what the President may believe is best, or upon what various Federal departments may think is proper, but should instead rest solely upon the Constitution of the United States, for it is in that document the people of this Nation give orders to Congress.

For Members to stand on the floor of the House and say that the Constitution is outmoded is, if nothing else, a woeful display of ignorance. They should certainly bear in mind that the document is not validated by an act of Congress but is instead the fundamental and basic law by which the people command.

I heard one of my colleagues say that some parts of the Consti-

tution were outmoded, and for an example he referred to article 2 in the Bill of Rights:

A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

I CAN only say that this article is still in force until it is amended by the people of this Nation, and no act of Congress can incriminate those who bear arms, for they are strictly within their rights. The people have a perfect right to bear arms and protect themselves within their State. Members of Congress should understand that the Constitution is a document which restrains and restricts the power of Congress, and by which the electorate can fire all the Members of the House every 2 years, and in which they could, before the seventeenth amendment was adopted, recall the Senators whenever they pleased, but now every 6 years. The people should now reduce the Senate term to 2 years in order to eliminate "rubber stamps."

I could not refrain, as I recalled debates on trade pacts and on other matters discussed before the House, from deviating from the subjects under discussion. I shall now return to the consideration of gold and its power.

Designation of power "to regulate the value of money" is mentioned first in article I, section 8:

Congress shall have the power to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin.

This paragraph is quite clear and bestows the right on Congress "to coin money and to regulate the value thereof."

CONGRESS has no constitutional authority to deprive people of this property or deny them the right, as the document provides, to pay debts with silver or gold coin.

Yet the people in every State were without their consent deprived of this right.

The internationalist is, as I have already said, an insidious destroyer, who, like a parasite which undermines the health of men, saps the vitality of the nations in which he is allowed the freedom to operate. He uses the public wealth to entrench himself at the expense of industrious and patriotic citizens.

The power of the internationalist is in direct relation to national indebtedness. The internationalist, to wield his power, must therefore bring about indebtedness and this is accomplished by internal dissension which will result in strikes and strife. This causes industrial indebtedness of such plants as have not sufficient surplus to absorb losses which are sustained when the factories are closed. They are forced to borrow money, which leaves them under the domination of the bank or the source from which the money is received.

This in a sense is the end of industrial independence. It is in this manner the internationalist builds up his local and national power, and it is in exactly this manner that he builds up international power, substituting for local strikes international wars.

What is the purpose of inflation? It is to debase and destroy a nation's currency so that all prices will tumble to the lowest point. When the currency structure collapses, the internationalists, like birds of prey, return to reap their profit, for a bankrupt nation is legitimate plunder.

The stage is set for that in the United States and do not let anyone fool you by telling you differently, for we are now operating with nothing but purely inflated currency, the value of which is only what it can buy from day to day. To say that it cannot happen here is not facing the issue squarely, for it can and it will happen unless Congress provides some safeguard to protect and keep the gold which is now in the Treasury.

The internationalists, however, have finally come to the conclusion that they cannot create this world government except by destroying every sovereign government in the world, and it is with that purpose in mind that unseen forces are now at work in the United States to destroy our Government. In 1913, they were successful in destroying the sovereign

government of the State when State representation was abolished in the Senate of the United States. They no doubt hope to destroy the sovereign government of the United States by suspension of the Congress, either by war or because of some critical internal upheaval.

THIS SCHEME of world control is promoted by the internationalist who now controls gold money and credit. The income from this, and the income from what the money can buy and control, is employed by the international Communist to spread these radical doctrines of destruction so that he himself may, in the midst of this intentional confusion, attain control of the Government. His avenue of approach is subtle, for by pretended charities and philanthropies he confuses and waylays our teachers, so that they innocently further his plans by so-called "liberal construction" of fundamental principles of government and life.

Let us now see what happened to us when Congress enacted, when the President signed, and when the Supreme Court held the Gold Reserve Act constitutional. The Gold Reserve Act took the gold from us, the owners of it, and gave it to the international financiers.

We are but slaves to the financial internationalists. We are

using inflated money, but the internationalists are using gold money. We pay for the storage and for the protection of the gold, but the financial internationalists own it. We sit and wait for a hand-out while the international financiers use our gold money and credit to acquire ownership of the Nation's industries so as to furnish employment for their own people.

Under the Gold Reserve Act we, the people, become criminals should we be found with gold money, gold and gold certificates in our possession.

DO YOU BELIEVE this act is constitutional? Do you believe that Congress, the President, and the Supreme Court had the people's interest at heart when they allowed this legislation to pass?

I often wonder what the final outcome will be if Congress keeps on enacting laws. How will it end? How long will the people tolerate laws which restrict them in their business and private affairs?

The condition in which we find ourselves today is the result of too many laws, and the greatest enemy of a free people is legal persecution. Pernicious laws are the destructive weapons of the minority, and the Gold Reserve Act is, in my opinion, a good example of such legislation. Lacking a better name I have referred to this as "subversive legislation,"

and my reason for such designation is based upon apparent logical premises and illogical conclusions, such as the act I shall now quote, House Joint Resolution 192:

To assure uniform value to the coins and currencies of the United States.

The purpose of this appears to be logical and sound, but the manner in which it is to be accomplished is wrong, for the Gold Reserve Act removed gold money and gold from circulation and even made it a crime for us to have gold in our possession, yet the final paragraph in the resolution and the Gold Reserve Act explicitly state that weight of gold establishes value:

All coins . . . shall be legal tender . . . except that gold coins, when below the standard weight and limit of tolerance provided by law for the single piece, shall be legal tender only at valuation in proportion to their actual weight.

I shall ask those who are interested to get a copy of the Gold Reserve Act and read it, but also, in support of my statement, I quote from the act:

Whenever reference is made in this act to equivalents as between dollars or currency of the United States and gold, \$1 or \$1 face amount of any currency of the United States equals such a number of grains of gold, nine-tenths fine, as, at the time referred to,

are contained in the standard unit of value.

The law is predicated upon the unconstitutional authority granted to the President to increase or decrease the gold content of the dollar. The President reduced the grain gold content of the dollar from 25.8 to 15.521. He can now, under the same law, reduce this to 12.9 grains of gold nine-tenths fine.

Let us remember that no one benefits from that except foreign nations. As a matter of fact, such reduction will be destructive to the people of the United States.

I do not believe anyone will disagree with me when I say that Congress had no right to take the gold away from the American people and give it to foreigners or citizens of foreign governments; that Congress had no right to leave our people unprotected and unsecured and with the same law protect and secure people of foreign nations. However, the act did just that and nothing else and I want the people to know it.

Law is one thing, and common sense is another. What we need is less law and more common sense. As an example of senseless law, I quote again from the same resolution:

Whereas the holding of or dealing in gold affect the public interest and are therefore subject to proper regulation and restriction.

It would be ridiculous to think otherwise than that "the holding of or dealing in gold affect" public interest, for the very food we eat and clothes we wear affect public interest.

WHY NOT take time to indulge in retrospection? What has the administration done in the past 12 years for America? I recall these:

First. Planned stock-market gamble which left the American people broke.

Second. Organizations of chain banks and restriction of credit to outlying districts.

Third. The beginning of the now vicious economy planning and deliberate deflation to bring about despair.

Fourth. In 1933, continuation of the past and the birth of an emergency which is now a full-fledged and vicious monster.

Fifth. The bank holiday and promotion of banking monopoly under the able direction of the international bankers.

Sixth. Unwarrantable transfer of power from Congress to the executive department.

Seventh. Confiscation of gold and replacement of sound currency with a purely inflated and worthless currency with no background, called legal tender.

Eighth. Confiscation and destruction of standard-value securities with possible loss in depreciation of life-insurance incomes.

Ninth. Steady increase in Fed-

eral operative cost, resulting in greater deficits and doubling of the national debt.

Tenth. International intrigue to involve the United States in foreign wars.

Eleventh. Transfer of ownership of gold from our own people to governments of foreign nations.

Twelfth. Subsidizing foreign nations by increase in the dollar value of gold.

Thirteenth. Destruction of agriculture, industry, and labor by imports from foreign nations to keep prices down and wages low. This, of course, is necessary in order to maintain purchasing power of the "hokus pokus" money we, the people, are permitted to use by the kindness of an internationalistic administration.

Fourteenth. Reorganization and playing with Federal departments, including appointments of judges who are self designated radicals, of judges who study law after the appointment, and of judges who spend their time traveling and vacationing, because they know nothing about law.

I submit this to you, Mr. Citizen, and I shall leave you to judge whether this is an American administration or a mere front for the internationalists.

Under the Gold Reserve act the President abandoned the gold standard only within the borders of the United States, an action which led to repudiation of Government obligations to our own people. It also led to confiscation

of gold, gold money and gold certificates including forced sale to the Government of mined, produced gold, under the pretense of an increase in price per ounce. This act has left our own people unsecured, our industries and agriculture strangled and our working people idle and in despair.

WE DID not abandon the international gold standard. No indeed, the administration was good-neighborly and more concerned with the welfare of foreign people than of our own. We cheapened the international dollar by reducing its weight in gold, so that foreign nations could buy 35 of our dollars for one ounce of gold, whereas, before the act was adopted, they could buy only \$20.67 for the same ounce of gold. In other words, we are now donating to favored foreign nations under the President's good-neighbor policy 70 per cent of all merchandise and credit they buy in the United States.

The international bankers were the powers behind this act, and the international bankers are the beneficiaries of this law. This crowd of exploiters is in a more secured position today than ever before in history. They have had and now have complete power over gold, and the loyal support of the majority in the three branches of the Government of the United States. These international

racketeers could not share the gold with the people, the owners of it. No, to be doubly secured, even gold certificates were confiscated and gold securities repudiated.

THIS all happened under the Gold Reserve Act, which was enacted by a bunch of "rubber stamps" in the Seventy-third Congress. The act deprived the people of all gold, even of the monthly production from mines and smelters. This gold, a little over \$18,000,000,000, is no longer owned by the people of the United States, and it is not owned by the United States Government, but all of it—lock, stock, and barrel—is owned by the international bankers or by their instrumentalities, who are holding industrial investments and bonds amounting to over \$13,000,000,000. The remainder of the gold in the United States Treasury and vaults is owned by interests outside of the Treasury and by the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve banks, who are private preferred owners of a property that rightfully and legally belongs to the people of the United States.

I hope this will lift the curtain on the owners of the gold and reveal to the Supreme Court the injustice it visited upon our people when it upheld the act, for it sanctioned the biggest steal in the history of this Republic.

The Nation is now overrun with money-mad monsters, who are

short on principles and long on greed. This group now has a strangle hold upon the national finances, through their bank corporations, banking chains and associate banks which are held in hand and under control of bank monopolies. Gold and gold money should never be allowed to remain under the domination of a private group of people, but should, instead, be owned and stored in the Treasury of the United States, as a security for our Nation and for our people. The various bank corporations and bank chains should be abolished, including our own Export and Import Bank, for all of them retard development and are destructive to our own industries.

The facts are: We do not own the gold and the Treasury Department does not own the gold now stored in the vaults of the Treasury Department. We, the people, are the victims of an international conspiracy in which a majority in Congress, the Executive and the Supreme Court join hands with the exploiters to deprive the people of sound-standard money, security and protection. This might have been an innocent act on their parts, but in spite of that it is inexcusable and should be so held by the people of this Nation.

The fact is that on April 3, 1940, \$16,169,495,120.64 was owned, according to the daily statement of the United States Treasury, by interests outside of the Treasury not

by the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System. This is private interest, and the Federal Reserve banks are privately owned and in no sense a part of the Federal Government or the Treasury Department—except in using the Government as a convenience to exploit the people.

WHAT ARE the facts now? When President Roosevelt took office in 1933 his administration took the gold away from the people and gave it to the international bankers. He made it a crime for our people to own or to have gold in their possession. He repudiated obligations of the Government to our own people but did not repudiate similar obligations when held by alien interests.

This and much else has happened since 1933, when the New Deal was launched by public acclaim. The people are now getting what they voted for, and for that no one can be blamed except themselves, for the majority rules. The outlook is not good, because the leadership of both political parties is dominated by the same alien interest which has directed the administration for the past 12 years, and of which no administration has been entirely free for the past 40 years.

The only hope for the people is to send men to Congress who will not deviate from the literal meaning of the Constitution, and who

will spend their time repealing laws which are in conflict with that document.

War in Europe is promoted by the financial internationalists to re-establish the power of gold in those nations which are now trying to establish their independence and freedom from such control.

It is these same financial interests which are now seeking to involve us in a war that is for no other purpose except to establish themselves as world rulers in a much advertised and discussed world government.

Should we foolishly permit the United States to become involved in the European war, we will in such procedure jeopardize the rights and liberties which we have greatly enjoyed and for which the founders of our country fought and died in the Revolutionary War.

International agents are now swarming through the country to promote a favorable reception for a "world government," which is supposed to be set up as an international union to end war.

This, of course, is the same "buncombe" that was peddled 23 years ago, when we were told that the World War [I] was to stop all future wars.

I think the business people of this Nation are most extraordinarily tolerant when they allow themselves to be dominated, prosecuted and persecuted by men whom they elect to office, "to pre-

serve, to protect, and defend their rights." It is, if nothing else, a most astonishing situation. I furthermore maintain that the people of this Nation are extremely tolerant and jeopardize their own liberties and rights when they permit their own representatives to deprive them of sound standard money.

From this we may understand that the Treasury Department, the Federal Reserve Board, and the Federal Reserve banks worked hand-in-glove with the international money changers when this administration set up in business in 1934. The Federal Reserve and its associate banks is in conjunction with the international banks the largest monopoly in the world.

As a matter of fact, nearly all large industries except the Ford Motor Company are now owned or controlled by the international bankers. Do not forget that the money changers own or control the national press, movies, radio, news service, bookstands and news-distribution agencies. Do not overlook the fact that ownership and control of these properties has been accomplished by using bank-deposit money, placed in the banks

for safekeeping or check accounts. The most important part of this extraordinary transaction is: This steal of gold, our own property, industries and business by the internationalists has been accomplished by illegal use of money that belongs to the people of the United States. In other words, *we, the people, have been robbed and sold out with our own money.*

OUR GREATEST need today is a political party free from internationalistic control or domination by those who now control gold, money and credit. If this cannot be accomplished, safety of the Republic may be found by sending only such men to Congress as will bind themselves to support the Constitution as it is written and to repeal all laws which are now in conflict with that document.

The Nation's wealth was never intended to be owned and monopolized by a select few, but was instead to be left in various depositories throughout the United States as an aid to the people to develop their own communities. It was in such manner this Nation prospered.

Congressman Jay Thorkelson, of Montana, was born September 24, 1876, in Norway. He practiced medicine and surgery and was a member of the Faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore, Maryland. From 1936-1939 he served as Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Navy Reserve. He was an elected Representative to Congress in 1939 and later returned to the practice of medicine and surgery. He died on November 20, 1945.



*He was more than a cat—
he was a VIP and a hero*

THE CAT WAS A KING

by Wick Evans

HIS GIVEN NAME WAS Tom—but it was a complete misnomer.

He should have been called Robin Hood, D'Artagnan, or perhaps Billy The Kid. Taking into consideration all facets of his personality, he might well have worn the mantle of Don Juan.

While Tom was only a cat by birth, he was much more. Warrior, lover, desperado, and hero, all those and more. Why his owners christened him with such an unimaginative tag is hard to say, because, even as a kitten, he must have shown some evidence that he was destined to become a VIP in later cathood.

He was of greater than average feline stature and his color was a dull, nondescript gray—always scrupulously clean. What set him apart from his fellow cats was his

head. If he had had a mane it could only have been described as leonine. Lacking that majesty the width of his jaws and the roundness of his tawny eyes gave him a constant Cheshire appearance. The innocent countenance could change instantly into a spitting, snarling devil's mask that could, and did, strike terror to the dog and cat population of his domain.

His fief took in, roughly, the residential blocks surrounding the area in which his home was located. He ruled his subjects with a spread of razor sharp claws tucked away in huge velvet paws. Not many of his subjects had escaped punishment, and not even the biggest dog in the neighborhood needed more than one encounter to grant everlasting allegiance.

There was the time, for instance, when a new family moved into his neighborhood. One member was a great, friendly Gordon setter who answered to the name Mike. Dog-like, as soon as Mike had inspected his new home, he set out to make the acquaintance of his neighbors. Unfortunately he began his inspection tour in the alley. The alley dead-ended in a wall behind Tom's house—and the only other exit was through Tom's driveway to the street.

Tom was lying in a spot of sun on the old-fashioned wooden railing that encircled the porch when Mike came down the driveway. He stiffened, came slowly to his full

height, and stared down incredulously at the interloper below. I'm sure if I had been closer I could have seen a look of disbelief cross his Cheshire smile, to be chased away by grim anticipation. Descriptively I might say that he gathered himself for a leap. I prefer to think that he hitched up his pants, spit on his paws, and took off. Pandemonium began.

Yowling, Tom landed in the precise middle of poor Mike's unsuspecting back. Two front paws sank into Mike's shoulders as Tom clapped his spurs into Mike's ribs. The dog looked up just as the hissing apparition landed. His feet scrabbled in the driveway gravel and the quiet afternoon was rent by his agonized shrieks. Tom added to the din with his war cry. The last I saw of them Tom was standing in the stirrups, shooting a sixgun with each paw and yelling "Ride 'em Cowboy" with each breath.

Tom came home after awhile, strolling up the street with a victory grin on his Cheshire face. Mike's owner said later that the shattered dog didn't come out of the cellar for two days and trembled violently whenever a passing bird cast a quick shadow from above.

AN EVENT took place, I'm sorry to say, that earned me Tom's undying enmity, although I was an innocent bystander. Our house was

just across the street from his, and once in awhile he would saunter across, knock on the door, and take a neighborly nap under a table.

One afternoon I was reading, Tom snoozing under an end table, his paws twitching as he dreamed of some feline coup. Earlier a neighbor child had left an enormous balloon on the floor. Of fragile stuff, it developed, because when I stubbed out a cigarette a breeze from the open window blew a live spark against the balloon and it burst.

There were two explosions—the balloon and Tom. When the ear-splitting blast shattered the quiet Tom erupted from his siesta in a frenzied flurry of paws, hair on end. Eyes bulging and glassy from sleep and shock he shrieked, "Take cover men, I'll ride for the Sheriff." But in his haste he mistook the nearest wall for the one containing the door. Travelling too fast to stop when he discovered his mistake, he simply ran right up the wall, across the ceiling, down the other wall, and on through the house. Fortunately the grocery boy was coming in the back door. I shudder to think of what would have happened had the screen been hooked.

When I was able to see through my tears I looked across the street. Tom was sitting on his porch, glaring balefully across and growling deep in his chest, "I dare you

to come over here and try to blow me up." He never called or spoke to me again.

FOR A confirmed bachelor he had a strange penchant for kittens. It was something to see the battered old warrior holding a tiny kitten in careful paws and washing away like a proud mother. Although he steadfastly refused a visa to grown cats, a kitten was always granted asylum and tender, loving care.

In the summer when skies grew black and lightning flashes announced deafening rolls of thunder, Tom would go into action. Someone in the family was certain to remark, "Guess Tom will go kitten-hunting." A brief thunder-shower didn't do it, but Tom always knew when the storm would be of major proportions and begin his quest.

Almost invariably the morning after a severe buffeting of the elements, Tom would be caring for some miserable, half-drowned kitten, as if the tiny creature had been spawned by the storm itself.

One of the last times I ever saw him was on a bright May morning following an all-night storm. In a bright pool of sunshine on his porch he was washing and drying his little waif of the storm, oblivious to feeble, protesting cries.

That kitten played a part in what happened later . . . although opinion in the town is divided.

Now Tom was never what you would call a house cat. For one thing, he didn't like being indoors, even in winter. And he was a quiet animal. Only if his supper was late would he voice a cross complaint. And, of course, he would become vocal when pursuing his many amours.

His owners, then, knew that something was amiss when he awakened them early one morning. He was on their bed—something that he never did—and he was voicing an urgent message. At a loss to understand at first, in a few moments they knew Tom was warning them. The wisp of smoke and unmistakable acrid odor of scorching varnish told them why.

Fortunately the stairway from the second floor began near the front door, and they managed to escape with seconds to spare. Downstairs every room was a seething mass of flame. Later they had a dim recollection of their last glimpse of Tom, scolding them from the head of the stairs before a burst of flame blotted out his image.

He was seen again, however. I saw him, so did several firemen and neighbors. He was in the upstairs window, silhouetted against the flames within. In his mouth he was holding the waif of a kitten he had found in the storm . . . it must have followed him upstairs. The roof gave way then, and they were seen no more.

SOME FOLKS think that Tom awakened his owners in his search for the kitten, others that he was telling them of danger. After the fashion of small towns, the controversy sometimes became quite heated. It reached a climax when the new house was built in the ashes of the old.

In a spot on the new front porch, about where Tom used to love to take his ease in the sun, there is a small, bronze plate which always catches the attention of strangers. Inscribed thereon are the words:

IN MEMORY OF TOM
WHO GAVE HIS LIFE
TO SAVE HIS
FAMILY

A Job Well Done

The judge's expression was not unkind as he leaned over the bench and addressed the little man before him.

"So you're a locksmith?" his honor mused. "And pray tell, what was the locksmith doing in a gambling dive when he was arrested?"

The prisoner, taking courage, grinned back. "He was making a bolt for the door."

—EDWARD O'CONNOR

**is a
DANGEROUS
WEAPON**

by Stephanie Williams

"Fear ye not them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear him that can destroy both soul and body . . ." St. Matthew 10:28.

WHEN the new Dictator of Russia, George Malenkov, took over the job of Joseph Stalin temporarily, his first words were a promise to the Russian people. He stated: "There will be no more lobotomies while I am dictator of Russia."

For years this horrible operation on the brain has been a formidable weapon in the hands of the dictators. Hitler used it on millions of his own subjects, and Stalin is supposed to have had over 10 million slaves turned into living zombies

with this simple operation which takes only five minutes to perform. The victim is said to be irrevocably insane afterwards.

For those of you who do not know how this operation is performed, here is a description.

"First, the patient is strapped to an operative table. The straps must be tight and very strong. Then, electrodes are clamped to the temples of the person about to be 'lobotomized.' Next, three jolts of electricity are shot through the patient's brain—enough to start violent convulsions, which give way to an anaesthetic coma.

"Now the doctor takes his 'leucotomes (ice-pick-like instruments) and inserts them into the fore part of the brain. Finally with a few deft motions the doctor severs the prefrontal lobes of the brain from the rest of it.

"Result? A 'Zombie' for want of a better word." (*Man's Conquest*, August, 1955, page 72.)

Continuing with the same article. "There are perhaps 100,000 lobotomized people in this nation today. This startling figure is made possible by the very nature of the operation called tranzorbital lobotomy, for it can be performed in five minutes. The discomfort to the patient is negligible; he suffers only a couple of black eyes from the jarring shock of the hammer and

*A simple operation—an incision into the frontal lobe
of the brain—can turn a man into a living corpse*

pick. There is not even a headache afterwards. In fact he probably won't even understand what has happened to him.

"The operation is so simple that the average time is six minutes per lobotomy—or fifteen zombies produced in one and one-half hours.

"The most disturbing factor is that the operation is too easy and too final . . ."

We quote Professor Alois de Chelly, member of the Academie Francaise and of the Legion d'Honneur who is decidedly against the operation. He states:

"The age of psychoanalysis born with the great Charcot and developed by Freud, is dead. We are now entering the era of scalp therapy. For this we must thank the mercenary physicians of Hitlerism, when mass lobotomies were performed on the mentally disturbed, so that they could be put to simple but useful tasks. Approximately 10 million morons were thus created by Hitler's doctors. Since the war, the medical men of Germany, France and Italy have added another 3 million to that deplorable number. The lobotomy is an essentially fascist technique, comparable to sending the social offender to a gas oven. It was worthy of Hitler; it is a disgrace to the rest of us."

MENTAL HEALTH legislation gives the people in charge the full right to perform "any treatment

the hospital deems necessary" the first week. They do not have to get the permission of a relative or a friend. You are completely at their mercy. This kind of legislation has already passed in 22 States and when a few more have passed it, the entire United States will be reduced to anything the one-worlders wish.

While you slept, your representative in Washington and your state representative signed anything put before them—in many cases without reading it. Many of them did read this legislation and sanctioned it wholeheartedly. They are the dedicated internationalists who will willingly see the human race turned into "Zombies" to get their way.

Many wealthy people feel very secure today because they have money in the bank. One glance at the bills would shake their confidence for they were written with the rich boy in mind. They give the people in the conspiracy the legal right to confine anyone, from the richest and most powerful men in the country down to the least, and take everything he possesses away without hope of ever regaining it again. His property can be "reduced to cash." They have the right to "cash any checks, warrants, drafts and other evidences of indebtedness payable to such patients."

The Guardian—who can be a "county employee"—appointed over

the person thus confined has the legal right to "sell or encumber the property of the estate of such patient . . . and from the proceeds of any such sale of encumbrance or from any other funds of the estate which may come into his possession, he shall pay to the county the expense incurred by it for the maintenance of such patient . . ."

This is for treatment you do not want, most probably do not need, but find compulsory in many cases. The California bill also stipulates: "... the judge may proceed immediately to determine the mental status of the alleged mentally ill person with or without the presence of the patient or his relatives, at the judge's discretion." One may wonder, as many do, if your political viewpoint should vary with that of the judge, might it not influence him against you?

PERHAPS you will wonder if your Representatives know of this legislation. Yes, they all know about it. Where were the loyal ones when it came up? Absent. They were all flooded with mail from their constituents. They still did not appear to fight it or even debate it.

Only one congressman and one senator seemed to have that courage. The Senator was Senator George Malone from Nevada and the Congressman was Usher Burdick, who presented a resolution which states:

"Whereas seven hundred thousand citizens of the United States are confined in asylums, many wrongfully and needlessly; and

"Whereas the majority are old people, misfits and odd ones who are not insane or dangerous, and

"Whereas we recognize the need of adequate care for the mentally ill but deplore legislation which may be contrary to their best interest and the language of this bill is subject to misinterpretation which could jeopardize constitutional rights of the individual, and

"Whereas among the psychiatrists are those who advocate an ideology foreign to the United States, as set forth in 'Mental Health and World Citizenship,' the statement of the 1948 International Congress on Mental Health, and

"Whereas the mental health organizations are sponsoring the several States commitment legislation which violates the rights guaranteed to every citizen under the Constitution of the United States, and

"Whereas the Alaska Mental Health Act, as passed by Congress, contains unconstitutional provisions: Therefore, be it

"Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), that the Congress of the United States make a complete investigation into all ramifications and implications of mental health legislative programs which are currently being promoted." (H. Res. 267)

This resolution will die without your support. The only way it can succeed is for you, right now, to insist that your Representative support it. Write to him, not once but often; wire him; then call him and speak with him on the telephone.

WORD now comes from New Jersey that 166 physicians are calling upon their legislators for permission to perform "mercy killings." This is the first step.

In Germany they started the same way. Permission was granted for so-called "mercy killings." The results were the same ruthless killings that were forced on the citizens of Russia. The complete brutality of the doctors and their assistants is shown in an article from the *New England Journal of Medicine*, July 14, 1949:

"Most institutions did not have enough physicians, and what physicians there were were either too busy or did not care, and they dele-

gated the selection to the nurses and attendants. Whoever looked sick or was otherwise a problem was put on a list and was transported to the killing center. The worst thing about this business was that it produced a certain brutalization of the nursing personnel. They got to simply picking out those whom they did not like, and the doctors had so many patients that they did not even know them and put their names on the list."

Who were they—the so-called "mentally ill"? Dr. William Menninger has stated to Californians recently that everyone is mentally ill, to some degree, so you may rest assured the one-worlders are planning big things for patriots.

If they succeed, it is because you did not care enough to pick up a pen and support the few remaining patriots who represent us in Washington.

The sin of omission is great indeed!

Recent Rulings

► ALEXANDRIA, VA.—A dog not only has the right to a few barks but he's entitled to bite somebody for the first time.—Judge James N. Colasanto

► HELL, CALIF.—There will be no big burnings in Hell without prior approval of the County Air Pollution Board.—County Board

► HOLLYWOOD—A parrot who screeches words during the making of a picture is entitled to the pay of an actor with lines.—Film industry

► DES MOINES—A man is not entitled to damages from the hotel if a fire escape rope breaks if he dangles from it in an attempt to avoid process servers.—Circuit Court

► LONDON—During petrol rationing, fire eaters are entitled to a gallon of gasoline a month.—Ministry of Fuel and Power —HAROLD HELFER

HOW ISRAEL TREATS HER ARABS

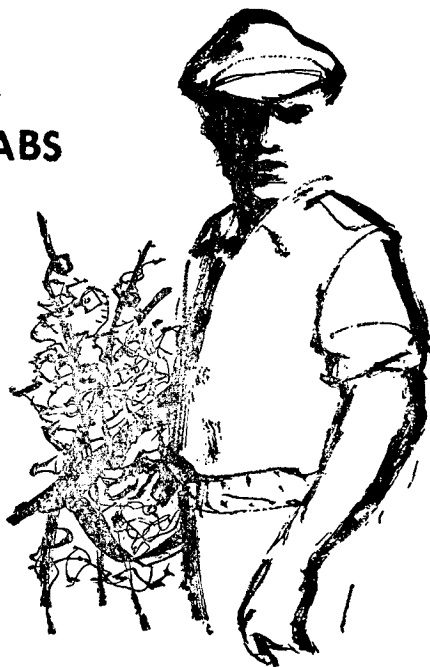
by Derek Tozer

The Arabs living in Israel are denied political and human rights.

THE DEEP and searing hatred felt by Egyptian leaders for Israel has not been fully revealed by the Western Press, because to do so would involve high-lighting the causes: the setting up of a Jewish State in what has been an Arab country for centuries, and the savage, inhuman and vindictive treatment by the Israelis of those Arabs now remaining in the country. The fact that this makes war in the Middle East one day virtually inevitable is ignored.

In his recently published book, "The Sphinx Awakes," Judge Gerald Sparrow detects in Britain, Canada and America "a reluctance, almost a fear, to state the real facts concerning the persecution of the Arabs by the Jews in Palestine. An American politician," he relates, "greatly respected, said: 'Yes, we know, but the truth is dynamite. The Press here would tear one to bits if one told it.'"

The 175,000-odd Arabs of the



Holy Land who stayed behind after the expulsion of the greater majority of their fellow-countrymen have been subjected to patent discrimination, in law as well as in practice. The unofficial persecution—an anti-Semitism directed against the Arabs—is persuasive. This "undercurrent of ill feeling," as Mr. John Cogley states, "is not a matter of law" but rather "a question of atmosphere." Mr. Cogley also emphasizes the failure of the Israeli authorities to curb terrorists and extremists.

"No one in authority in Israel," he observes, "has proposed that the murderous private citizens be tracked down and punished. As it

is true in the earlier case of the frightful Deir Yassin massacre, and in the killing of the UN mediator, Count Bernadotte, terrorists have gone scot-free again; worst of all, apparently no one in authority is even vaguely interested in apprehending them."

The official policy of the Government is unequivocal. Arabs, like the Jews in Nazi Germany, are officially "Class-B" citizens, a fact which is recorded on their identity cards. To qualify for such citizenship they must prove continuous residence in Israeli-held territory since the establishment of the State, must have a knowledge of Hebrew, and must be approved by the Ministry of the Interior. It has been established that no more than ten percent of the Arabs of Israel would qualify for citizenship under this law, on which William Zukerman commented in the *Jewish Newsletter*: "Jews . . . may become citizens automatically. They may even hold dual citizenship . . . But the 170,000 Arabs in Israel, who have lived on that soil for centuries and have never left it, are limited in their rights to acquire citizenship. A more flagrant case of discrimination is hard to find even in the annals of the chauvinistic twentieth century."

FURTHER, the areas in which the Arabs are concentrated, and only those areas (containing altogether 145,000 Arabs), have been

placed under military rule. The consequences are manifold. Civil rights are virtually suspended. The Israeli Government dismisses due process of law when proceeding against the Arabs: there is no Habeas Corpus. "The residents of these governorates," writes Mr. Don Peretz, "live within a matrix of legal restrictions which fix their movements into, out of, and within the area, and give the army authority to banish legal residents and to confiscate their property, to remove whole villages from one zone to another, and to try in military summary courts individuals who violate its regulations." The *New York Times* reports that the Military Government sentences believed trouble-makers "without trial, on the basis of the emergency regulations."

The restriction of movement applied strictly against Arabs includes even Arab members of the Knesset [parliament]. "An Arab cannot even go from Nazareth to Cana, a distance of six miles, without a permit," writes Dr. Fey. Mr. Hal Lehrman describes the situation of the Arabs of Jaffa as follows: "The Arabs are concentrated inside the small but neat Ajemi quarter; they live in a kind of reverse segregation; they need passes to go out, and Jews need passes to go in . . . It may be a peculiar word to use but 'Ghetto' is the one I think of for the guarded enclosure where Arabs are con-

centrated in Jaffa and other once-important towns."

The Arabs are denied basic political rights. They have no political parties. Their affairs are handled by a dozen Government Departments, to the detriment of their welfare. Economic, social and cultural rights are similarly affected. "Job opportunities," according to Mr. John Cogley, "are rigidly restricted." There are two price levels for agricultural products, one for Israelis and another for Arabs, according to Rabbi Lazarson. Educational facilities are discriminatory, the Arab schools being the poorest in the country, although the Arabs pay taxes like everyone else. Text-books are scarce and the teachers are unqualified.

THE confiscation of Arab property by the Israeli authorities must be cited. Laws enacted by the Knesset authorize the Government to confiscate, under one head or another, the property of all Arabs. The measures adopted are extraordinary, even in modern times. The Military Governor will declare an Arab area a prohibited zone, thus debarring entry to any Arab wishing to tend his land. The 1953 law is then invoked, and agricultural lands become liable for confiscation, since the owners have failed to tend and till their lands themselves. This means that the property of the Arabs automatically becomes the property of the

State. The land of refugees, known ironically as "absentees," is sequestered and sold to immigrant Jews at a nominal price. Nor can the Arabs always secure redress from the courts; often when courts decide in their favour, the decision is ignored by the authorities. "The military forces at times ignore even the decisions of the highest Israeli courts," writes Rabbi Lazarson. "For instance an Arab takes his claim to home or land to court. The court confirms his claim and orders his property restored. The military destroys the property on grounds of 'security' and no one does anything about it."

This is Israel at work. What a vast contrast between this and the claim made that Israel represents the most democratic, equitable and progressive area in the Middle East! "It seems grotesque," comments Judge Sparrow in his book, "that the Jews, so recently released from race persecution and the whole vile machinery of the Gestapo by British, American and Russian Armies, should, almost within a decade, be practising the very same odious doctrines themselves. There is not a single malpractice of the Jewish Government to-day that had not its counterpart and inspiration in Nazi Germany."

The Charter of Human Rights, it would seem, was not intended to apply to the Arabs of Israel. They would no doubt be classed by the Israeli as "sub-men!"

THE BOOK SHELF

The Man Who Lived Twice

By Harold Lord Varney

CHARLES BEARD AND THE CONSTITUTION. By Robert E. Brown. Princeton University Press. 220 pages. \$3.30.

CHARLES A. BEARD is the shining instance of a man who was great enough to reverse himself publicly when he recognized that he was in error. When he died, a few years ago, Dr. Beard, a founder of the New School, was generally execrated and disavowed by the whole crew of his former Leftist idolators.

Dr. Beard's career intrigues me because, twenty years ago, I had an acrimonious controversy with him which spilled over into the pages of the old AMERICAN MERCURY. At that time he was still being hailed by the Leftists and the "New Educators" as a patron saint of the "Social Frontier" group, which clustered around the Deweyite Teachers College of Columbia University. Beard had been one of the prime instigators of the historic report of the American Historical Society of 1933, which launched the Left Wing educators, headed by George S. Counts, on their mission "to build a new social order."

That such a man could be big enough to live to write *The Republic* 148

and *Basic History of the United States* is the measure of his intellectual integrity.

The Beard niche in the gallery of Left Wing intellectual heroes was attained by his writing *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* in 1913. The impact of this devastating book upon a whole generation of inquiring Americans was immense. Few books of our times have ever created in student minds such a stabbing skepticism concerning the basic postulates of American patriotism. After Beard got through with them, the American fathers who drafted the Constitution were cut down to the ignoble size of self-seekers and promoters of cynical special interests.

It was not long before *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* became required reading in most of the American history classes in our major colleges and universities and even in our high schools. Richard Hofstadter later wrote that a large part of the book's body of ideas "has been absorbed into the main body of American historical writing . . . less and less a book to argue over, and increasingly a book that must be studied if we are to locate our own thinking in the stream of intellectual events."

If the book had no other black

mark against it, the fact that it launched the subversive Max Lerner upon his career of Leftism was indicative. Lerner, in a symposium published by the *New Republic* in 1938 on "Books That Have Changed Our Minds" cited the Beard book as his own intellectual starting point.

Beard himself never got around to an effective refutation of his early book. This task has now been undertaken by Professor Brown. In a searching study of the Constitutional period, the author has shown, with sweeping thoroughness, that many of the premises upon which the Beard opus was based are groundless. Examining the ideas and minds of the leading figures in the Constitutional Convention, Professor Brown convincingly disposes of the hitherto unquestioned thesis that they were spokesmen of selfish interests. Analyzing the personal holdings of the signers, he demonstrates that most of them were primarily land-owners and agriculturists, and thus unswayed by the incentive of security speculation, upon which Beard placed such primary emphasis.

That Beard was wrong in his generalizations concerning the political bias of the members of the Convention is shown by a searching review of their opinions on such subjects as the franchise and the relation of the executive to the legislature. Beard based much of his case upon the controversial *Federalist No. 10* of James Madison. Brown points out how even this disputed document was misread by the Beard of 1913. He fortifies his case by citations from other writings and statements of the fourth President.

Again he demolishes the Beard argument that the economic motivation thesis is proved by the record of ratification by the respective colonies. He demonstrates that the colonies where the land-owning interest was paramount and where personalty holdings were slight, in most instances were the ones which ratified the Constitution either unanimously or by the largest legislative vote. Brown examines the sequence in the ratification by the various colonies. He finds that the colonies which had the smallest personalty interest, and which were outside the Beard thesis, were the earliest to ratify. The actual struggle hinged upon the close states of New York and Massachusetts which were the 11th and the sixth to ratify. In both of these states the personalty interest was heavy.

An examination of Professor Brown's tables gives us quite a different picture of the criss-cross of post-revolutionary motives from the easy generalizations of Beard. The Founding Fathers take on the rounded, three dimensional character of men who, regardless of the tug of their personal interests, were conscientiously trying to build a nation for free men and women.

In restoring this earlier view of the Constitutional Convention, Professor Brown has performed a distinguished service to the cause of historical truth. Someone has said: "Unhappy is that nation which dishonors its own heroes." In rescuing Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Dickinson, Gouverneur Morris, Pinckney and the other signers from the obloquy into which the 1913 Beard had consigned them, the au-

thor has written a brave and long-needed book of historical correction.

PATRICK J. HURLEY. By Don Lohbeck. Henry Regnery Co., Chicago. \$6.50.

THIS BOOK is more than a biography of a great American. It is an authenticated compilation which is available for use as the basis of an investigation of the State Department, and an exposé of the State Department's blue-print for Communism in Asia, as envisioned by Acheson, Marshall, Hiss, Service, Davies, Vincent, and other government officials.

Horrified by the betrayal of our Government by the un-American acts of such men, Pat Hurley fought for years single-handedly against those who deliberately tried to destroy American honor and integrity.

"American policy," says Lohbeck, page 475, "had consistently upheld the right of all people, everywhere, to liberty and self-government. At Yalta, those principles were surrendered—and for no reason excepting that some American diplomats were more devoted to Communism and imperialism than to the principles of liberty and self-government." And our people either didn't know or care.

To make them understand, Hurley unleashed a scathing denunciation of State Department sabotage of American foreign policy, something unprecedented in American diplomatic history. But it fell on deaf ears, and the Administration immediately ordered a State Department, cluttered with the bureaucratic refuse of closed agencies, to "cover-up."

The greater part of Lohbeck's book is devoted to Hurley's period as Ambassador to China. China was the prize in the Far East which the imperialist nations, particularly Russia, Great Britain and Japan competed.

The position of the United States was to prevent any one nation from obtaining a privileged position over there.

Hurley was sent to China to eliminate the friction between Chiang-Kai-shek and Stilwell.

Chiang stated that Stilwell "was in conspiracy with the Communists to overthrow the government."

Hurley summarizes his own conclusions:

The record of General Stilwell in China is irrevocably coupled in history with the conspiracy to overthrow the Nationalist Government in China, and to set up in its place a Communist regime—and all of this movement was a part of, and cannot be separated from the Communist cell or apparatus that existed at that time in the Government at Washington.

Roosevelt's directive to Hurley was to seek the unification of all Chinese forces under the leadership of Chiang, but Hurley found that the State Department career men were supporting the Chinese armed Communists, whose purpose it was to divide China and bring about the collapse of the National government.

This book is a chronicle of the effort of this courageous American to stop Communism in Asia. In the end, the State Department upheld the betrayers of Chiang, and Hurley found it necessary to retire from the Ambassadorship.

Today, more and more the demand is strengthening for a complete investigation of the State Department's mishandling of American Foreign relations.

Will the people ever again voice its approval when an American president, as did Truman, declares the restoration of imperialistic exploitation to be the basic policy of the United States; when an American Secretary of State brazenly denies the existence of a binding secret agreement that he had helped to implement; when American diplomats openly betray American interests without fear of reprisal?

At last, through the efforts of a patriotic American, Major General Patrick J. Hurley, the veil of secrecy has been removed.

—W. JEFFERSON DAVIS

HOME BEFORE DARKNESS. By Eileen Bassing. Random House, New York. 336 pages. \$3.50.

MRS. BASSING begins her story where most tales of mental breakdown usually end—with the emergence of her unhappy subject from the asylum.

Any reader who expects to find in these pages a reassuring message is quickly doomed to disappointment. The suffering lady is still suffering at the finale. Although the author implies at the end that the heroine has passed some kind of a threshold, there is little indication that her mental troubles are over. She has shed a husband but she has not shed her malady.

Squeamish readers will find some of the episodes in this book a little

on the revolting side. Mrs. Bronn, the professor's wife, who suffers the breakdown, is obsessed with sex. She has dreamed of the professor in earthy terms while still in the institution. When he spurns her, when she emerges, in favor of her lush, blonde half-sister, Mrs. Bronn goes off her knocker. She pursues the professor abjectly. At the end, her passion turns to hate. The author tries to leave the reader with the impression that the hate has cured her, where love could not. I don't know whether this is good psychiatry. It certainly isn't very convincing characterization.

Despite the unwholesomeness of her theme, the author has written a fascinating book. Her characters are sharply etched. The suspense mounts. It is reading matter which is not recommended for a late night, but if it is in one's hands in the A.M. hours, it is hard to put down.

Somewhere in the book, Mrs. Bronn worries herself over the very high ratio of repeaters in the institution which had discharged her. This is the saddening note in the book. It raises the nagging question whether anyone who has suffered a complete mental breakdown can ever again lead a completely normal life. Most of the apostles of the mental health movement assert confidently that they can. If the experience of the Bronns in Mrs. Bassing's book carries any clinical message, the answer is "No." Two years of mental blackout, such as Mrs. Bronn suffered, cuts such changes in the personality that even the most loving husband on the outside will find reunion difficult. And Professor Bronn was not a conspicuously loving man.

The author has assembled a gallery of some of the most unpleasant characters to appear between the covers of a book in some time. Stronger minds than that of Mrs. Bronn would find them hard to take. It is the failure of the book that the author has not succeeded in making her a sympathetic character. The reader cannot at any point identify with her.

Readers who have a taste for the morbid undoubtedly will find this novel arresting and memorable.

—H. L. V.

THE ART OF CONTRARY THINKING.
By Humphrey B. Neill. Caxton Press, Caldwell, Idaho. 136 pp., \$1.

THE AUTHOR makes a lively case for being contrary, at least for thinking in a way contrary to that of the majority, especially in financial matters.

This small, readable book is by the editor of *Neill Letters of Contrary Opinion* and author of *The Inside Story of the Stock Exchange*. He explains his theory and its application in business and other current affairs: "Sameness of thinking is a natural attribute . . . Obvious thinking—or thinking the same way in which everyone else is thinking—commonly leads to wrong judgments and wrong conclusions . . . If you wish to keep from guessing wrong, learn to think contrarily . . . the reader should be reminded that the art of contrary thinking is applicable to almost any subject. It is applicable to arguments in philosophy and frequently applicable to politics . . . We are mentally

swamped today with all forms of propaganda. Obviously, propaganda is for the purpose of influencing minds. Therefore, it is essential to look upon both sides of public and economic questions in order to avoid being entrapped by the propagandists."

That is the real art of contrary thinking. Look at the side presented, then look at the other side of the question. Think through the subject with all the information you have on both or any number of sides. He expands this thought in the essays which make up much of the book. "But," he cautions, "it [contrary thinking] is a thinking tool, not a crystal ball." And, in the introduction, he sets it out in clear words: "The art of contrary thinking consists in training your mind to ruminate in directions opposite to general public opinions; but weigh your conclusions in the light of current events and current manifestations of human behavior."

But, contrarily, he shows the other side of the argument, too: "Is the public always wrong? This is probably the most frequently asked question about the Theory of Contrary Thinking . . . Let me put it this way: Is the public wrong all the time? The answer is, decidedly, 'No.' The public is perhaps right more of the time than not. In stockmarket parlance, the public is right during the trends but wrong at both ends! It is to be noted that the use of contrary opinions will frequently result in one's being rather too far ahead of events . . . This is because economic trends often are very slow in turning or reversing . . . In

sum, the public is not wrong all the time—and a contrary opinion is usually ahead of time.” —M. H.

HOW TO MAKE \$18,000 A YEAR FREE-LANCE WRITING. By Larston Farrar. Hawthorn Books Inc., New York, 1957. 276 pp., \$4.95.

A SUCCESSFUL free lance writer himself, Larston D. Farrar gives practical advice on the business of writing that should prove profitable even to a veteran “free lancer.”

A knowledge of such prosaic matters as tax questions, salesmanship and continual study of the current literary market are as important as knowing how to string words together, according to Farrar.

Other tips include how to handle editors—with kid gloves. They tend to be slow payers, warns Farrar, but it’s advisable not to complain when checks don’t come in. Also do not pester them with telephone calls when they sit for weeks on your copy without a reply.

LABOR UNION MONOPOLY. By Donald R. Richberg. Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, 1957. 175 pp., \$3.50.

A LIFETIME FIGHTER for the legitimate rights of labor tells the story of how collective bargaining has become collective coercion and offers constructive suggestions how the misuse of union power may be avoided.

Author Donald R. Richberg took part in the early struggles to unionize industry. He co-authored the Railway Labor Act of 1926, the National Industrial Recovery Act of 1933, and attempted reconciliation of industry-labor-public interests as the last head of the NRA in 1936.

Richberg urges the restoration of the power of judicial enforcement of the anti-trust laws against labor unions. Remedies proposed include:

1. A limitation of contract-making on an industry-wide basis. This measure would prevent establishment of uniform standards of wages and working conditions of a monopolistic character.

2. Prevention of closed or union shop agreements which give unions a monopolistic control over employment.

3. The limitation of the right to strike by defining lawful objects, methods, and occasions for strikes. Strikes should be held unlawful which are:

- a) against the public health, safety and welfare,
- b) to compel political action,
- c) without a preceding reasonable effort to avoid a strike,
- d) conducted with the air or toleration of criminal violence.

This temperate book is worth the study of citizens concerned by the dangerous picture of labor union monopoly revealed by recent labor hearings on Capital Hill.

—EDITH KERMIT ROOSEVELT

THE OPEN FORUM

Letters from readers on any subject are welcome—the more independent in thought and expression, the better. The editors hope to acknowledge all of them, either in these columns or by correspondence. The right is reserved to abridge. Please use a typewriter!

The Generals

Sir: When I read your article on MacArthur you gained a life long reader. "The American Mistake" (May 1957) was astounding and 100 percent true. Ike and all members of congress should read it.

PAUL KESSEN
Lafayette, Ind.

Sir: Please tell your editorial department that was a darn good article about electing the wrong General. We surely did.

GLEN J. TUCKER
Flat Rock, N. C.

Sir: It should have been written years ago. It won't be long now until we will be confronted with the greatest cataclysm this little insane planet has ever experienced. Genghis Khan, Julius Caesar, Kaiser Wilhelm, Hitler and other mad power-dominated tyrants and murderers will seem like children to the Russian Communist plans now almost mature for the capture of the world.

BETTY MORRIS
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sir: I cannot resist writing a line to say "Amen" to your article on the Americans' great mistake in electing the wrong general. So long as we leave to politicians a choice for whom we are to vote for President, so long will we not get the best man for the job.

I have said all along that if Douglas MacArthur had the job, the promise to clear our Washington picture of pinks, reds and spotted individuals, it would have been accomplished long ago. The politicians knew they could not control him.

GEORGE C. MCKAY
Battle Creek, Mich.

Sir: If we try to understand his [Eisenhower's] actions as his best and ablest ability, then we have to judge him wholly incompetent, and if the argument is presented that he is aware of what he is doing, then we have to change the charge to malevolent misrepresentation and fraud when presenting himself to the American voters in 1952 campaign. His tone had changed in 1956 until it represented the Fireside Chats of another well known political buccaneer.

CLYDE L. MORRISON
Huntington, W. Va.

To Be a Marine

Sir: Why must Armed Forces training be rough? "The Miracle of Parris Island" by G. L. Rockwell (May 1957) contains a vivid, feasible explanation. As he emphasized, take away the service instructor's superficial viciousness and stern sense of discipline, and the result is an Armed Force of lollypop suckers.

If the youth of the United States, upon entry into active military duty,

expect to be cuddled and bussed by training personnel, they will face magnanimous disappointment. I suggest that boys maintaining an attitude of "Love Me Tender" try the Campfire Girls.

A/IC DAN R. CONNELL
Billy Mitchell Village
San Antonio, Texas

The Middle East

Sir: I wish to commend you for your article "Those Myths About the Middle East" by Alfred M. Lilienthal (May 1957). It is gratifying to see an article which tries to give a true picture to the American public. Most are so tainted with Zionist propaganda or political pressure that it is impossible to know what is really going on.

I was especially pleased with the information about President Nasser. I have long held that he is an extremely honest and great leader who has been very gravely mistreated by our press and national leaders.

NORMA TUCKERMAN
Huntington Park, Calif.

Sir: I hope everyone will have a chance to read what Lilienthal says about Col. Nasser. I tried to send a CARE package to Egypt yesterday but was told it was not allowed. Certainly Dulles is going pretty far in his persecution of Col. Nasser. Why?

MRS. GRACE BACON
Newtonville, Mass.

Sir: Are we to suffer a repeat performance of the Fall of China in the Middle East? At the end of World War II, General A. C. Wedemeyer had four State Department advisers whose reports were strongly slanted in favor of communists' aims. So China fell to the Reds.

Senator William Jenner told the Senate on March 1 that one of these four

advisers, John K. Emmerson, is presently Counsellor of the Embassy at Beirut, Lebanon. Another, Raymond Ludden, is in the Office of Personnel of the State Department. And Robert C. Strong, former Consul-General on Formosa, who was responsible for a mass of wrong intelligence reports unfriendly to Nationalist China, is now Counsellor of the Embassy at Damascus, Syria.

MRS. J. H. BARRY
Culver City, Calif.

Sir: The article by Lilienthal is about the most brazen and flagrant communistic propaganda that was ever written for consumption by the American public.

If Egypt and the other Middle East countries that he visited are so noble and honorable, those places in my opinion should have been an ideal place for him to have stayed permanently.

It is the same old legend: there are none so blind as those who don't want to see.

WM. M. KALLMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mental Health

Sir: Congratulations on your "Mental Health—Fact & Fiction" (April 1957). I can't think of a subject more needful to be brought to the attention of the American public. This article should alert the people.

The political misuse of mental health, the manipulations of the international money-changers (which you have also covered with distinction) and the nefarious doings of the political Zionists in their machinations to drag us into a third World War, constitute the Unholy Three, today preventing "Peace on earth, and good will toward men."

PAUL LUTHER
Pasadena, Calif.

Sir: In view of the fact that so many states are about to appoint, or have already appointed, a Mental Health Commission—for whose maintenance John Doe must dig down deeper into his frayed jeans—it seems that he should be entitled to appoint a Commission of his own in self defense.

If and when a Mental Health Commission is appointed, it is an indication that the proponents of this subject have obtained a foothold, and that a path is opening toward the ultimate control of John's mind. This is exactly what happened in Germany, prior to the World War. Definitely, individual thinking is OUT if they can manage it!

GRACE LEE KENYON
Bristol, Conn.

Sir: We are told that the nation will progress backward if we do not allow the different, the abnormal, and the unusual in ideas and thought. As usual, if we dig below the surface, we find that these "liberal thinkers" really *want* conformity—conformity to their ideas of internationalism, one-worldism, and a collectivist society.

Introduced in the 1957 session of the California Legislature are a number of bills that could be used, if the power fell into the wrong hands, to force conformity. These bills are called Mental Health measures, and refer constantly to the "mentally ill." Just what is a "mentally ill" person? Is he insane, or is he one whose beliefs and opinions differ from those of the psychiatrist, or whoever it is that examines him?

Dr. William C. Menninger has written that in addition to the 750,000 persons in U.S. mental hospitals there is "one in every 16 Americans whose personality problems keep them from enjoying useful, effective, satisfying lives." Then he adds: "As a matter of fact, this figure is too low. We have

known for years that about 50 percent of the patients of general practitioners are actually suffering primarily from emotional disorders."

Still leaves you out? Read further: "All of us are at some time and in some degree affected by mental health. We may be persistent worriers or have difficulty in controlling our tempers; we may be sleepless in our beds or lonely in a crowd; . . . mental health affects one out of one."

He got me there. I worry about these fantastic bills, could even lose some sleep. And I find I am having difficulty in controlling my temper after reading them.

CHARLES V. DUNCAN
Modesto, Calif.

Extremism

Sir: Patrick Riley's savagely unfair attack upon the integrity of American liberals in your April issue ("Conservatism on the Campus") should not go unanswered. First of all, he says that "the United Nations was an example of liberal achievement" and that it offers "the student an example of how little the liberals have achieved." I should like to remind him that the late Senator Robert A. Taft was a strong supporter of the ideals of the world organization in its basic platform of maintaining world peace.

Perhaps the most frightening statement in Mr. Riley's article is his fantastic charge that "since the liberal has no fixed standards he is willing to embrace Communism and Socialism." This is almost as bad as saying that all conservatives are reactionaries. These two comments are typical of the extreme Left and Right and can only help our enemies at home and abroad. Constructive disagreement is welcome between liberals and conservatives. But if we accuse each other of being disloyal to our country's in-

terests, our Communist enemies will eventually destroy us all.

CLIFFORD REEVES, JR.
Pelham, N. Y.

Lincoln's Pipe

Sir: I enjoyed Robert Warwick's article in the May issue "I Interview A Ghost"—except that Lincoln did not smoke.

DR. GEORGE H. TAGGARD
Walla Walla, Wash.

Helping a Cause

Sir: I thought that you might be interested in how the election came out in Caledonia, N. Y. I was elected Mayor by 37 votes. Also, the parking meters were thrown out by a vote of 331 to 237. Aaron Norman's article "Parking Meters Are Illegal" (Feb. 1957) helped our cause. The day after it appeared in the paper, considerable comment was heard. The two ads that the parking meter company placed in our local paper helped us also, as people thought it was our own affair and all they were interested in was the money angle.

I wish to thank you and Aaron Norman for permission to use the article.

J. J. DOLEY
Caledonia, N. Y.

Fashion's Folly

Sir: The women of America have style, and at one time had pride, but the silly shape the fashion models for women's apparel have taken on is nothing short of idiotic.

I am inclosing a sketch to show you what I mean when I say that no slender person living can actually twist themselves into this stance. I tried. It cannot be done. First, I hunched my shoulders up just as though I was in the last stage of T.B. Then I tried to

propel my stomach out as though I had a pillow stuffed in the front of my skirt. I repeat, it cannot be done. And I ask, who would want to look like that even if she could imitate a pretzel? Sometimes I wonder if we are the daughters of pioneer stock.

MRS. MAXWELL LAND
Hollywood, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For described sketch, please consult your local newspaper.*

We're Flattered

Sir: Just want to say that the May issue has outdone even the MERCURY. It keeps the reader intensely interested and leaves one thoroughly informed! Something rare in any publication these days.

CHARLOTTE C. STARR
Bucks County, Pa.

Sir: I enjoy reading the MERCURY very much, but have difficulty finding it on many news stands in this area. Thus far, I have been able to find it at only two places. I tell you this only because I think your magazine is different then many, and worthy of more circulation than it receives in this area.

RUTH SHAW
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Money

Sir: Your literary honesty in printing the objection of Mr. Mitchell S. Lurio, of Boston, Mass., to the point of view expressed in the articles by Paul Stevens on "Money Made Mysterious," is to be commended most highly. (June issue AMERICAN MERCURY)

After more than a quarter of a century dedicated to the profound subject of money and taxation, my opinion is in marked contrast with Mr. Lurio's. Likewise with all so-called classical economists who want baggage checks, wage tickets and dividend certificates (true money) made out of gold.

There is nothing sound about, nor any defense for, "the old orthodox definition of money as gold, and the free market as the "automatic determination", as suggested by Mr. Lurio, as having the "support of at least 150 professors of economics, members of Prof. Spahr's Economists' Committee on Monetary Policy."

There is no such thing possible as "the free market" when gold is presumed to have the quality of money. The gold standard means fraud. A slave

wage market is its true objective.

Gold as money means a managed fraud-ratio false currency, a slave market, a debt economy, and "automatic", or inescapable boom-bust, panic-theft, inflation-deflation.

Millions of Americans are eager for the truth about their monetary rights under the U. S. Constitution. They will pass it on to their neighbors.

LESLIE TAYLOR

P. O. Box 280, Beaumont Hotel
Ouray, Colorado



EXTRA MONEY for YOUR VACATION

With summer approaching, probably you, like so many others, are wishing that you had saved more money for your vacation.

The MERCURY can help you. Many of our readers have added as much as \$100 to their vacation fund by serving as MERCURY Representatives. *AND they have done it in their spare time, too.*

All you have to do to share in this extra money is to fill out the coupon below and mail it today. We will send you a free MERCURY Representative's Kit, containing all the material you need, plus valuable tips on how to enroll subscribers. There are sample letters, suggested sales openings and other material carefully selected so that you can be successful whether you have had previous experience or not.

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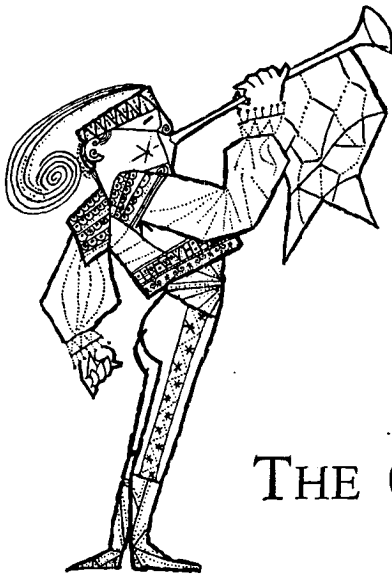
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The
MERCURY
Announces
THE COLLEGE FORUM

Today as never before the universities and colleges of America represent the training grounds for the future business life and political action of this nation. Unfortunately national publications have not devoted a regular part of their news coverage to this growing force. To fill this vacuum, the AMERICAN MERCURY in the forthcoming months will devote a section of each issue to students' viewpoints and opinions on matters that vitally affect this country.

The Editors of the MERCURY feel that this will give the younger generation its rightful opportunity to express itself. For this reason, we will give adequate coverage to the specific experiences of young men and women of courage who are interested in the future of our country.

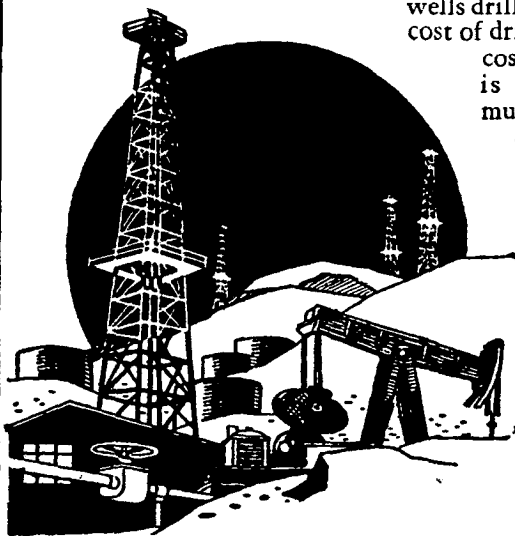
The MERCURY welcomes a full discussion of the political and philosophical ideas and opinions of your school—from both students and professors.

Please address all letters to The College Forum Editor, The AMERICAN MERCURY Magazine, at 250 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York. The right is reserved to abridge. Please use a typewriter. No letters will be returned.

We are thankful to be a producer of oil and gas which provide more than half the total U.S. energy today. The oil and gas industry, because of our competitive enterprise system, has been able to discover large reserves of oil and gas, thereby being a big contributor in improving the standards of living in this great country of ours.

This has been done even though, out of every 9 wildcat wells, 8 are dry holes. One out of every 44 wildcat wells finds new oil reserves equivalent to national demand for about 4 hours. And *one* out of 991 has enough new oil to match *more* than a week's consumption. One-fourth of all productive

wells drilled never return the cost of drilling. The average cost of a wildcat well is \$123,000. There must be incentives to encourage these great risks.



It is important to every American citizen that any threats to the oil and gas industry which would endanger the security and defense of our country be disposed of. Presently, this can be done by:

1. Demanding that rights given to the States by our Constitution be returned to them.
2. Insisting that excessive oil imports be limited to 15 days per month, being the same basis as domestic oil producers are permitted.
3. Continuing depletion allowance.

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The Coming American Trials

THE MERCURY proposes that the American people promptly start—in this country — an American citizen's trial.

We propose that a Constitutional Freedom court—made up of a solid cross-section of taxpaying citizens—try for treason and subversion the following:

1. The international bankers and their associates, who plotted the communist revolution in Russia and who then financed and supported that godless government run by murderers.

2. The real planners and promoters of the various wars into which this country has been pushed. This will include the treasonable acts before Pearl Harbor, during the Korean War and since.

3. The master-minds behind our big foundations who are undermining our Nation—including Carnegie, Rockefeller, Guggenheim, Ford, Filene (20th Century Fund) and others.

4. The “invisible government” which has caused our nation repeatedly to make the wrong decisions—both in our foreign and domestic policies.

5. The financial bandits who have robbed our people and loaded them with astronomical debts. This group previously has organized theft through depressions. They are now robbing our people through inflation. See Money Made Mysterious, Articles 1-10.

6. The lawyers, educators and others who operate the springs that constantly feed poison into the blood-stream of our nation. Those who ignore our generous immigration laws and illegally have flooded seven million people into these United States. Those who promote dual citizenship, and who are removing religion and discipline from our schools, so they can teach communism in our universities.

7. Those who carry out the enemies' plan which is actually DIS-INTEGRATION—the destruction of the unity of the American people. Those who control and direct a large part of our press and other communications media. Their actions are directed at confusing the issues and undermining public confidence. After disintegration their plan is to control our divided nation. Thomas Jefferson said, “Disobedience to tyrants is obedience to God.”

Communism and other evils must be checked and stamped out — you can accomplish this once you understand and identify the source of these evils